



C. HENTSCHEL 59

No. 284.—VOL. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

This is M. Coquelin, the most famous of French actors, in the part of Cyrano de Bergerac, pictured by Boyer, of Paris. M. Coquelin is now in London, telling the story of the famous poet-duellist nightly from the stage of the Lyceum. If you want to read about Cyrano de Bergerac in English, Mr. William Heinemann has just published an excellent translation of M. Rostand's play. If you wish to see it in our own tongue, you must wait until Sir Henry Irving appears in the part in the autumn.

FLEET STREET HELPS THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The great "Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hospital" made an appreciable difference in the traffic of the Strand on Tuesday and Wednesday last week, for the narrow entrances to the Hôtel Cecil seethed with gorgeous equipages all day long. Fashion left the Park for the nonce and came eastwards to beam and buy. But all Fleet Street—I use the term generically—did not go westwards to the Hôtel Cecil. On the contrary, Printing House Square sulked, but reported the function ("organised and carried out," as it declared, "by only a limited number of the daily and weekly newspapers") to the length of three-quarters of a column. But, then, Printing House Square is not omniscient. People move with the times (if not the *Times*), and spent £10,000 at the Bazaar. I cordially agree, however, with the *Times* on one implied point. Why "Press"? It is a hideous word, reminiscent of the "Press Gang." As a plain matter of fact, the word "Press" is as effete as that institution of military bondage itself. It represents the days of "Bohemianism," which is a euphemistic term for dirty little bars and general impecuniosity, which were all "picturesque" only in retrospect. A "pressman" is really a man who works a printing-press, not the man who writes. Thus I am astonished that a woman so very up-to-date as Mrs. Alfred Spender should have christened the sale which her energy organised by such a toperly title.

The only sense in which the term "Press" was admissible was to indicate that an enormous crowd of people turned out to see and be seen. This success was due primarily to the energy and initiative of Mrs. Spender, the wife of the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, whose portrait will help to explain how she managed to bring into a profession which, as a rule, rarely works with any amount of cohesion, a quite remarkable measure of solidarity for the moment. It is true that all the papers were not there, although all of them have had to give full reports of the function; here, however, is a list of those that were represented—

Artist, Black and White, Daily Chronicle, Financial News, Gentlewoman, Graphic, Daily Graphic, Hospital, Illustrated London News, Sketch, Lady's Pictorial, Jewish Chronicle, Lady, Morning Post, Daily Mail, Evening News, Naval and Military Magazine, Observer, Sunday Times, Punch, Queen, Referee, Weekly Dispatch, Strand Magazine, Ladies' Field, Stage, Sun, Tablet, Truth, Vanity Fair, Westminster Gazette, World of Dress.

On the other hand, the *Times*, as I have said, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Morning*, the *Globe*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *St. James's Gazette*, the *Echo*, and the *Star* were not represented. That any of them should be proud of the fact, as the *Globe* appears to be, is incomprehensible. It was quite a legitimate position, that taken by the *Times*, that it was inadvisable to

join, but additional point would be given if the papers that did not join made up another £10,000 to the Hospital Fund. It is a poor sort of argument that other hospitals have also claims, and also want money.



MRS. SPENDER, WHO GOT UP THE BAZAAR.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The great thing seems to me to be that one particular hospital had secured the support of journalists who were not afraid of taking trouble : and that there must have been a great deal of trouble and anxiety attached to such a festival as this two days' bazaar seems beyond question. No doubt, however, the papers which I have named, which were unrepresented by stalls, *will* make up another £10,000 between them.

Notable among the exhibits were the dolls to be found on the stall bearing the combined names of the *Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, the *Lady's Pictorial*, and the *Ladies' Home*. They represented the apotheosis of the doll, their own undeniable charms being heightened by the fact that they were gowned by some of the leading London firms to illustrate the very latest phases of fashion. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, dressed and presented a very up-to-date doll, and now, as a result of her fascinations, they are being inundated with orders for a faithful copy of its blue gown. Then there was the loveliest bride by Redmayne's. Fenwick, of New Bond Street, was represented by two dolls. A second bride, too, in white satin and pearls, with a novel arrangement of chiffon and lace on the Court-train, came from Jay's, Limited, of Regent Street, in the company of an attendant at one of her Majesty's Drawing-Rooms. Messrs. Fisher and Sons were also represented.

The "Press" Bazaar will have left an interesting literature behind it. First of all, there is the *Press Bazaar News*, which is described as "the dearest little paper in the world." It is nominally marked one shilling, but for a copy of which many of us found we had to pay two shillings in the room where it was published at the Hôtel Cecil. It is a four-page paper, containing a supplement, which immortalises some forty of the editors of London. You may still, I understand, secure a copy by sending half-a-crown to Mr. Arthur Pollen, at the *Daily Mail* Office, in Carmelite Street. Next to it in importance among the literary products of the Bazaar was the Bazaar-book, a portfolio of illustrations called "Pen and Pencil: A Souvenir of the Press Bazaar." It is stated on the title-page to have been compiled and arranged by the proprietors of *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and the *Daily Chronicle*. So far as the form and get-up of the publication are concerned, I cannot congratulate these journals. The book is, externally, an ugly one. Mind, I do not in the least mean to imply that *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and the *Daily Chronicle* are not all of them as good as they can be, and among the best of their kind as newspapers. What I do insist on is that it requires a quite different faculty to cater for the general public daily and weekly in newspapers than it does to prepare an artistically got-up book, a book with a suggestion of daintiness about it. When, however, one comes to the contents of this Bazaar Souvenir, there is nothing but praise. If you want a copy of the book—which, you may take it from me, is more than worth the money—you will send a postal-order for five shillings and sixpence to Mr. Harvey Thomas, at the *Graphic* Office, 190, Strand.

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XXV.
VOLUME.

THIS SHOWS THE APPEARANCE OF THE 25 VOLUMES
BOUND IN HALF MOROCCO.

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In connection with the continued captivity of Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, it may be mentioned that in 1894 he wrote a most interesting paper in which he said that he believed the time was fast approaching when the strength of England's enemies would be greater than her own, and her enemies would become aggressive. Said he: "If self-sufficiency or conservatism, or want of enlightenment or foresight, or lack of decision or boldness, cause Great Britain to neglect the call of duty, then may heaven prepare to come down on earth to work miracles by the hands of men; may a host of guardian angels hover closely over freedom and civilisation as they tremble in the lands of their birth." Yet, soon after, a certain button was to be pressed to annihilate the British fleets. Fortunately for the Spaniards, that button has been mislaid.

Lord Wolseley is a busy man. One day he is in Scotland, the next day reviewing the troops in Yorkshire, then in London inspecting Volunteers, a day or two after witnessing a night attack at Chatham and torpedo trials at Sheerness, and then with the cadets at Sandhurst. In the course of the week he is to review the troops at Portsmouth, inspect the forts there and the defences of the Isle of Wight, and witness artillery practice and experiments with the Brennan torpedo. The Commander-in-Chief's apparent youthfulness makes people forget that he is now sixty-five years of age, and has been actively employed in the Army for forty-six years.

Colonel A. G. Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., who has been selected to command the 1st British Brigade in the Soudan, is Commanding Officer of the 2nd Black Watch (73rd). He joined the Army thirty-three years ago, and his war service began in 1873, when he went through the Ashanti campaign, first commanding a company of Russell's native regiment, and afterwards acting as a Staff officer. This will not be his first experience of Egyptian campaigning, for he served with the 42nd in the war of 1882, and in the Soudan Expedition of 1884 he was Sir Gerald Graham's Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General. In 1884-5 he was in the Nile Expedition with the "Forty-two," and was severely wounded at Kirbekan. He was twice wounded in the Ashanti campaign, and again at El Teb. Colonel Wauchope will have the Seaforths, Camerons, Warwicks, and Lincolns in his brigade.

The Duke of Connaught will vacate his command at Aldershot in October, and it is said that General Sir Redvers Buller will succeed him. A better selection could hardly be made. Sir Redvers is a K.C.B. and K.C.M.G., and won his V.C. in the Zulu War of 1879. He went through the Red River Expedition, the Ashanti War, the Kaffir War of 1878-9, Zulu War, Boer War of 1881, Egyptian War, 1882, and in 1884 he was Sir Gerald Graham's second in command in the Soudan Expedition.

In the Soudan campaign of 1884-5 he was Chief-of-Staff to Lord Wolseley; and he took command of the Desert Column after Sir Herbert Stewart had been wounded and Colonel Burnaby killed, and withdrew it from Gubat to Gakdul, defeating the enemy at Abu Klea Wells, thus gaining his K.C.B.

Apropos the account in *The Sketch* the other week of an improved sea-messenger, readers may be interested to hear of the primitive method adopted by the inhabitants of St. Kilda of communicating with the outside world. For nine months of the year the lone Hebridean isle is

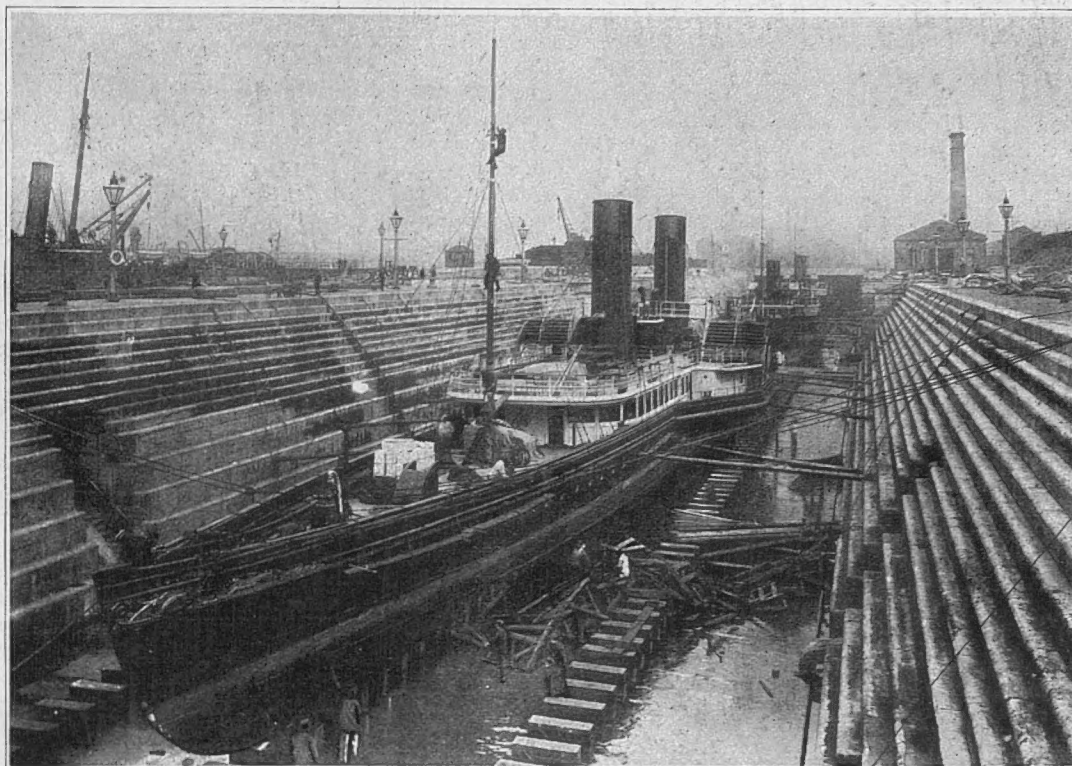
inaccessible to any mail-boat, and the natives, when they wish to communicate with the mainland, construct from a piece of wood, measuring about eighteen inches long, seven inches wide, and four inches thick, a tiny craft, in a square cavity of which, covered over with a hatch to prevent the entrance of water, they deposit their letters and the necessary coppers for postage. The word "open" is painted on the bow end and a buoy is attached to the frail craft, which is then committed to the deep. In due course the "boat" is cast up somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland, when the finder is expected to extract its contents and deposit the missives in the nearest post-office.

A splendid new graving-dock has just been completed in Glasgow. It is, I believe, the largest in the world, and, as the photograph shows, is able to contain at one time three vessels of large dimensions. The vessels in the dock are three of Mr. MacBrayne's famous fleet—

	Length over all.	Breadth over all.	Tonnage.	Horse-power.
<i>Columbia</i> ...	316 feet	50 feet	548	2200
<i>Grenadier</i> ...	240 "	45 "	372	1050
<i>Gael</i> ...	220 "	45 "	361	1500

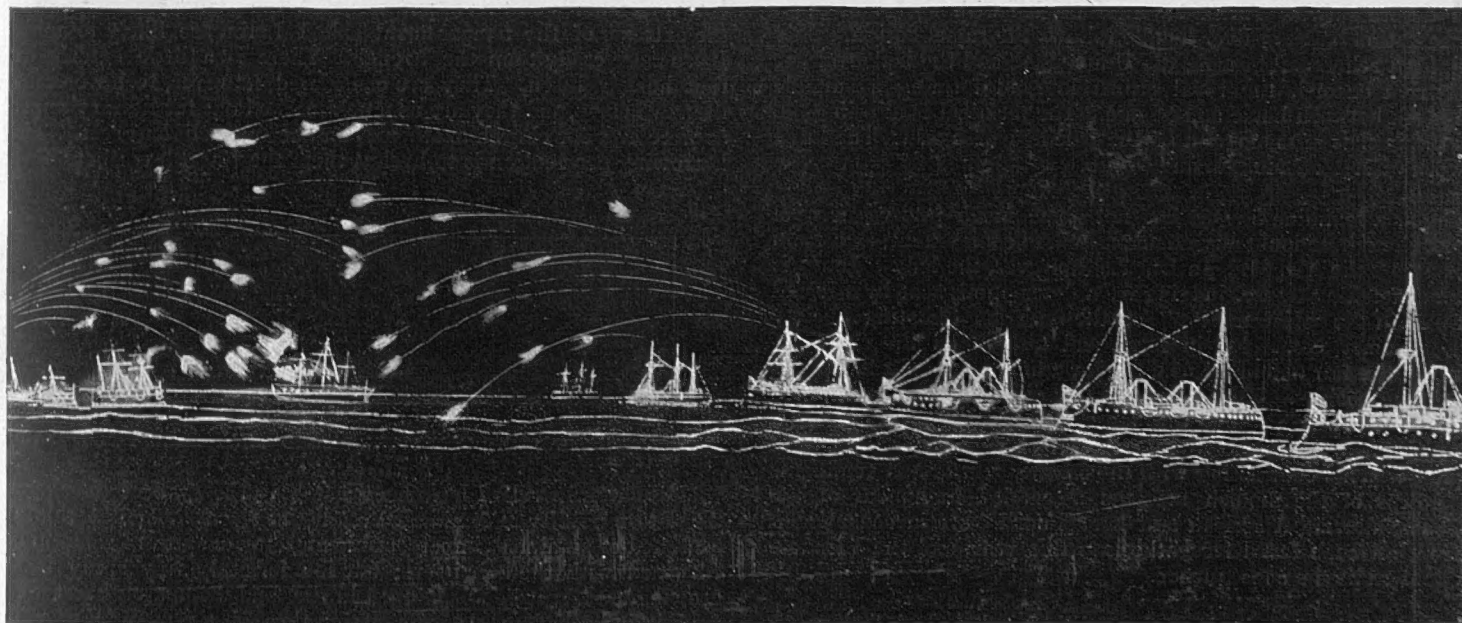
Total length 776 feet.

Mr. Deas, of the Clyde Trust, is the engineer.



THIS IS SAID TO BE THE BIGGEST GRAVING-DOCK IN THE WORLD.

Photo by Maclure and Macdonald, Glasgow.



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, AS REPRESENTED IN FIREWORKS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Queen has always shown a partiality for Aldershot and its reviews, in which latter she at one time took a more active part than the burden of years has allowed her to do in our more immediate times. It is most natural, therefore, that she should be going to Aldershot to-day to honour with her presence what is, I understand, the last military function of the kind which will be held during the remaining term of the Duke of Connaught's command. Her Majesty, it is announced, will stay for two nights at the Royal, or Queen's, Pavilion, a building but little known to the general public, for it is not a "show" place, and it is situated off the Farnborough Road, in the midst of an enclosed plantation of firs. Not far from the Pavilion, which, by the way, is an unpretentious wooden building, stands on a knoll a colossal statue once familiar to Londoners—I mean, that great presentment of the Iron Duke on his horse Copenhagen, by Wyatt, which for many years stood on the top of Decimus Burton's Arch at Hyde Park Corner, when that gateway was somewhat further north and west than it is at present.

Aldershot has grown to be such a household word that few of the present generation know that its existence as a great military camp dates back only some forty-odd years. It was, if I remember rightly, at the time of the Crimean War that these dry and healthy heights were first occupied to any extent by the huts of an encampment. Then, at the conclusion of the war, came the purchase of a large tract of land by the Government, on which were formed, in due course, the North and South Camps and the Permanent Barracks. In 1890, the wooden huts which one had grown to associate with the name of Aldershot began to give place to more comfortable buildings of red brick, and with them have also passed away the names of North and South Camps and Permanent Barracks, their substitutes being the Marlborough Lines (after the Great Duke), the Wellington Lines (after the Iron Duke), and the Stanhope Lines (after the late Lord Stanhope, under whose régime the improvement was effected).



HE SAVED FIFTEEN LIVES AT
BLACKWALL.

Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

people from fire, but up to now has received no recognition of any kind for his bravery.

Herewith I give a picture of the knife with which the Duchess of York snapped the silken cord that sent the *Albion* into the river. The blade contains a beautifully engraved illustration of the *Albion*. The reverse is decorated with York roses intermingled with sprigs of May. The ornamentation of the silver handle follows the same design, richly chased in high relief and bearing the Union Jack and the badge of the company in rich enamel, the royal crown in gold forming a suitable connecting-link between blade and handle. The terminal is also in gold, and bears the initials in monogram of the Duchess of York. The knife was the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Shooting as a feminine fine art has not come much into vogue with us islanders, though undoubtedly domesticated, to some extent, at certain big houses across the Tweed. In Austria, however, the lady "gun" is a familiar and fetching figure, judging from descriptions sent by a friend who took part in the "Kaiser Fest" of the Austrian Shooting Society last week. Vienna assembled in force and fashion on the shooting-grounds to see the fair and brave compete for a number of splendid prizes provided by the society. No less than thirty different bands enlivened the long procession which wound through the Ringstrasse, and it made a charming picture to watch the strange medley of country folk in their picturesque garments contrasting with the smartly uniformed regiments and gay gowns of the modish maidens assembled in honour of the occasion. The alluring American and her "Poppa" are in conspicuous absence from all such festal foregatherings this year, and the Viennese Boniface goes sadly in consequence.

I am asked by the proprietors of the well-known brand of Champagne "Louis Roederer" to state that they have purchased the brand of "Arthur Roederer," with a view to extinguishing that name. To me this

is a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, but there is, no doubt, a very large public who look at the matter differently.

An interesting presentation was recently made to the Duke of Manchester by the Huntingdon and Cambridgeshire tenantry to commemorate the attainment of his majority in March. A very handsome album, containing a list of the subscribers, accompanied the massive sterling silver bowl which I am enabled to illustrate, and which is richly chased and fluted in the Italian style. Upon the obverse a panel illustrating scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is boldly chased in bas-relief after the celebrated painting by Landseer, and upon the reverse an inscription is engraved. The bowl was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

A daily paper in Palestine! The suggestion comes with something like a shock, but has been made in all seriousness by Mr. Yehouda, a Russian gentleman though a Turkish subject, who lives in Jerusalem and owns a paper published twice a week in the Holy City. He is now in London for a short time, and I met him a few days ago. He told me there was quite a demand for journals in his part of the world, and he had a complete belief that the times were ripe for a daily paper. The subject most eagerly discussed in Palestine is agriculture, and the interest arises from the growth and development of the agricultural colonies. Mr. Yehouda told me that at some of the agricultural schools, and particularly at a large one between Jaffa and Ramleh, agricultural matters form the subject of weekly debates of high interest, in which methods ancient and modern come under review.

The Paris theatres gave last week two plays of Ibsen; from which it might be inferred that Paris likes Ibsen, but such inference would be extreme. Paris nibbles curiously at this dish, which is foreign to its palate. "Solness" was given by a theatre *de côté*, and here is the way the *Figaro* disposes of this drama, which, outside of France, has been compared for the simplicity of its means to Æschylus, and has been thought in its psychology to touch heretofore unsounded depths. This play, says the Paris journal, is one of the most characteristic works of the author. The opening scenes are imitated from Scribe; the *dénouement* would be utterly commonplace were it not for the symbolism; the symbolism is as old as Nimrod, with the sole difference that the hero of Babel is here replaced by a man in a long frock-coat.

"Ghosts" was brought to Paris by the Italian actor Novelli. The extreme South interpreting thus a drama from the extreme North is a circumstance that, interesting in itself, is doubly interesting when we note the distaste with which Paris received M. Novelli's choice. One seems to understand by the incident that the French lack of appreciation for foreign developments of art is owing not so much to race temperament as to art exclusiveness. The French art ideal is too completely developed to admit that any evolution of genius outside its rules should be more than an interesting error. This is natural, if not inevitable. One understands on this hypothesis that the Italians, though possessing the extreme of the temperament called Latin, are likely to understand Ibsen more easily than the French. There is a little coterie in Paris that honour Ibsen. They are considered, however, to have embraced a literary heresy, and they are as much marked out for literary opprobrium as were ever for church anathemas an apostate religious sect. The most harrowing persecution is to hurl at them the English epithet "Snobs."



THE KNIFE THAT CUT THE SILKEN CORD THAT HELD H.M.S. "ALBION."

For several weeks I have been watching the gradual development of the latest novelty in feminine evening coiffure. At first this atrocity consisted of an almost imperceptible aigrette, or spray of something fluffy entwined with the hair itself; but the formerly tiny spray is steadily growing, and, if it be not nipped in the bud by an outburst of public opposition backed up by condemnation through the medium of a powerful Press, it promises to assume very shortly the magnitude of the dreaded *matinée-hat*. All newspapers please copy.

It was once a frequent indictment of Ireland that it had no good hotels. The loveliness of the country was generally conceded, but how could an Englishman, who loves his dinner and to whom personal comfort is all in all, be expected to cross the Irish Channel if there were not good hotel accommodation on the other side? That view of things, however, is quite ancient history. Month by month and year by year we find a number of high-class hotels being raised from north to south and from east to west of the island. We know how many good hotels there are in the Irish metropolis. You cannot get better treatment anywhere in London than in "dear, dirty Dublin." From Dublin westward to Mr. John O'Loughlin's splendid angling hotel at Cashel in Connemara, from Belfast in the north away down to Eccles's Hotel at Glengarriff in the south or south-west, Ireland is as forward as England in providing excellent accommodation for our material well-being, while in glamour and in picturesqueness it is unsurpassed the wide world over.

Yet another handsome Irish hotel is to be added to the number. This is at the favourite watering-place of Newcastle, in County Down, and it was opened the other day by the Countess Annesley. It is called the Slieve Donard Hotel, and its existence is due to the enterprise of the Belfast and County Down Railway Company. The hotel is fifty-five minutes by rail from Belfast, and has been erected upon a beautiful site, commanding a splendid view of mountain and sea. From the public rooms and bedrooms the outlook is upon the magnificent bay and the lofty range by which it is surrounded. At Slieve Donard Hotel the antiquary will find an admirable base of operations for inspecting the kempstone and burial-place of Dundonald, the politician will be reminded by Serabo Monument of Castlereagh days, the man of industrial interests may visit spinning-mills and distilleries, while the historian will find himself within easy reach of Dundrum Castle. The hotel itself is very extensive. There are a hundred and twenty bedrooms, with sitting-rooms and bedrooms *en suite*, fitted in the most



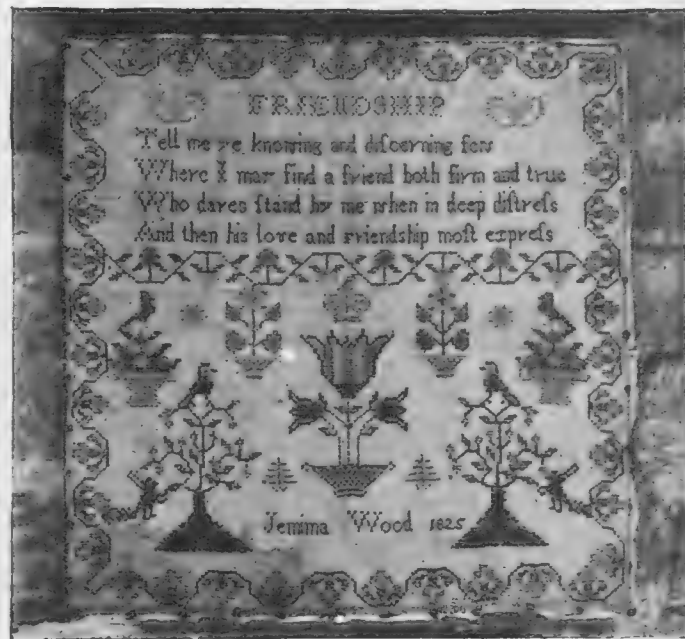
THIS HOTEL IS IN IRELAND—IT IS, REALLY!

luxurious modern style. The beautiful grounds have been laid out by Mr. Milner, of London, the well-known landscape-gardener. The architect chosen, after keen competition, was Mr. J. J. Farrall, of Dublin. His work presents a marvellously successful combination of beauty with utility. Altogether, a more desirable resort than Slieve Donard Hotel it would be difficult to discover. The hotel, together with the splendid railway service by which it is rendered so easily accessible, must increase a thousandfold the popularity of "the Queen of Northern bathing-places."

There is a great outcry because the County Council has not adopted the proposed by-law for the suppression or mitigation of street-noises. Now nobody hates unnecessary noise more than I do. The ear-piercing little idiot who bawls "Winner" on Sunday when he means war news is a nuisance I would cheerfully serag with my own hand. But how are noises to be classified as necessary or needless evils? Who would be the judge in the first instance? The policeman, and as a policeman, though an excellent man to deal with the traffic, is not endowed with a cultivated ear or an æsthetic judgment, the chances are that, if he acted at all, he would act in a perfectly arbitrary manner. The by-law declared that any noise to which anybody objected ought to be treated as a nuisance. Well, there are people to whom the cheerful call of the milkman is intolerable. I have heard "Milk-oo!" many times in my life without being offended. Would it not make the law ridiculous to drag a milkman before a magistrate, and charge him with crying "Milk-oo!" to the distraction of some citizen who is engaged upon an opera? Would a law which worked out like that be popular? You must remember that, in regard to street-noises, you have to deal with a sensitive minority and a very obtuse majority. I am far from saying that the minority ought not to be protected; but, unless the protection is of the most discriminating kind, it will excite the majority to revolt, and I must confess I do not recognise this gift of discrimination in sound in our excellent police force.

As for street-noises, it would be simply impossible to carry out any prohibition in poor neighbourhoods. The piano-organ is the children's

orchestra in a great part of London. The constable who moved this instrument off his beat would make an enemy of every mother within earshot. His life would become a burden to him. No doubt there are districts where the noisiest instruments seem out of harmony with the character of the surroundings. Why should Brown's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, have a passion for the bagpipes? I frequently find ostensible



JEMIMA WOOD WORKED THIS SAMPLER YEARS AGONE.

Scots performing on that dread instrument under the windows of a house which is the symbol of dignified domestic repose, and yet Brown's Hotel seems to like it! But suppose it offends the hall-porter at the Royal Institution? Suppose he thinks it an outrage on the academic echoes of that venerable building? Is he to be gratified, or is Brown's Hotel to assert its proud privilege of distinguishing one Scotch melody on the bagpipes from another? It is very well to talk about the by-law, and to rail at the County Council for not passing it, but will anybody tell me how it is to be administered?

These samplers, dated 1825 and 1833, are examples of what may be termed the letterless sampler, the alphabet not appearing. These more elaborate productions were generally worked after a specimen devoted to the reproduction of various kinds of more or less ornamental lettering had been previously produced by the patient young workers.

I see that a woman is one of the editors of the *Sphinx*, the magazine issued by the students of University College, Liverpool. Its most recent effort, by the way, is the issue of an album of the College officials.



A SIMPLE SAMPLER OF LONG AGO.

Milne's Square, the most historically interesting of the buildings about to be demolished on the west side of North Bridge Street, Edinburgh, though it is long since it lost its pristine amenity, conveys an impression of substantiality which is a feature of all the work of its master-builder, Robert Milne, who erected the modern portion of Holyrood Palace, and gave his name to the Square. This Robert Milne was nephew of the John Milne who, as his monument in old Greyfriars' relates, was "Sixth master-mason of a royal race of seven successive Kings." The Square—tenanted by the substratum of Edinburgh's populace—is to make room for the stately pile which the proprietors of the *Scotsman* are about to erect near the North Bridge, and in connection with which Mr. James Law, one of the proprietors of that journal, has gone to the United States in order that he may utilise, in the construction of the new edifice, any feature in the newspaper offices there that appeals to his practical knowledge. In Milne's Square in the olden time the Earl of Hopetoun resided while representing the General Assembly as Lord High Commissioner, and here he held the levées which now for a brief season every May brighten the sombre Palace of Holyrood. Tradition avers that in a cellar in Milne's Square the Deed of Union of the two kingdoms was signed and sealed.

Another landmark of Old Edinburgh—the veritable house occupied from 1711 till 1726 by Allan Ramsay—will also soon be gone. Though a less conspicuous edifice than John Knox's house, its not distant neighbour, and possessing little external attraction, it has the advantage over the Reformer's house, inasmuch as it is undisputed that the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" veritably resided there, pursuing his calling as peruke-maker, penning his fine pastoral and other poems, and entertaining his friends. It was while living in the building, forming a portion of the large area adjoining North Bridge Street, sold lately, that Allan Ramsay relinquished his business as a wig-maker, and adopted that of a

bookseller, stating in his books that they were sold at the "sign of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd." Worthy Allan, though living in an era when some would deny that the faculty for the admiration of scenery was yet born, had certainly an eye for the picturesque in choosing, after he had made a competency, the Castlehill as a site for a house—a site commanding a view almost unsurpassed in extent and variety.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My name is Master Mopseman. I claim to be a fox-terrier, but I don't know whether I am, for I have never seen a fox. About my age I'm uncertain, because for a long time, like mother, I did not seem to get any older; but I've heard this had something to do with a licence. I don't know whether mother has hers yet, but I have mine; and I believe I was born last year. I'm very fond of bones and tea and rats, and father and mother, and fishing and literature. Though I'm called Mopseman, I don't care more for Ibsen than other writers. Still, when crumpled up, his pages make quite a nice ball to play with, but not so good as newspapers. I've been



MOPSEMAN TELLS HIS STORY.

Photo by Grey, Baysealer.

very ill lately, and I think you might warn other little "four-legged gentlemen," as mother calls me. Like father, I'm very fond of girls, and the other day at a party I kissed lots—more than father did—and I was so sick afterwards, and had to take nasty medicine, and, what do you think caused it? The powder I licked off their cheeks wasn't wholesome; isn't it a silly fashion? I do so hate the bonnet I have to wear when I go out; it's so uncomfortable, and quite spoils one's conversation; but sometimes I go to Hampshire, fishing, and wear no bonnet—it's lovely, and don't I make the cats hum! I'm afraid of them when I have my bonnet on. By-the-bye, mother does keep me waiting a long time when she puts on her bonnet; I wonder she can't get one like mine, with a strap. I'm not a married man yet, and don't want to be, as I find they have to give all their things to women. I wonder whether, if father and the women read about it in print, they will learn that it is very bad form to interfere with us when we have a bone? Other food doesn't count, but bones are a cult.—With kindest regards, Mr. Editor, yours sincerely, Mors (His X Mark).

P.S.—Would you mind asking father to buy me some goloshes? I don't like getting my feet wet when it rains.

The new by-laws issued by the Thames Conservators include one rather original regulation among the stringent set framed for the control of bathers in the river. The old code required bathers to be properly dressed, but apparently swimmers' and Conservators' ideas of correctness in bathing attire did not coincide, for under the new regulations people are forbidden to bathe anywhere between 8 a.m. and 9 p.m. in June, July, and August, except in places authorised by the Conservators, and "except above Molesey Lock when wearing rowing-costume." Why "rowing-costume" should satisfy the proprieties above Molesey Lock and not below, one cannot quite understand. Why "rowing-costume" at all? Is it a graceful concession to oarsmen who, happening to get upset, might otherwise find themselves unwilling contraveners of the by-laws? If so, equal privileges might be extended to rowers at least as far as Putney. As things are now ordered, the law-abiding river-man had better not boat below Molesey Lock save in frock-coat and tall-hat, lest he find himself an unintentional bather improperly attired, according to the lights of the Thames Conservancy Board. The inquiring mind also wonders why a dress that is accepted as sufficient in a boat below Molesey Lock should be considered insufficient in the water.

Hettie is an Irish terrier who, with the kind heart of the Celt, has brought up three foster-children. Although, like poor old Robson's Dog Tray, she is "very good at rats and a mortal foe to cats," still, when these three little kittens lost their mother when they were a month old, she fostered them. She has been a mother but once, and that was in



A FAITHFUL FOSTER-MOTHER.

Photo by Ramell, Sittingbourne.

February 1893. She is pleased beyond measure to open a nursery again. She treats these little kittens exactly as she treated her puppies five years and more ago, and the extraordinary part of it is she nourishes them and they thrive under her maternal care. Mr. Ramell, of Sittingbourne, is to be congratulated on the production of a pleasing and certainly unique picture, and I have to thank Surgeon-Colonel Ray, of Milton, for the particulars about Hettie and her adopted family.

Ragged Robin has built his nest at Her Majesty's Theatre, and here is a picture of a real robin which built in a conservatory at Chichester. Early last spring a pair set up house in a pot of horse-hair grass, but finding that the ventilators of the conservatory were shut too early in the day, left their nest, and reared a family of five in a nest outside the conservatory door, where they brought up a brood of five or six last season. As soon as the fledglings had flown, the old birds again



A ROBIN'S NEST IN A POT OF HORSE-HAIR GRASS.

began to frequent the conservatory, and have successfully hatched six eggs in the nest in a pot of grass they originally started with. The mother-bird became so tame as to allow the lady of the house to feed her as she sat on her nest, but resented in a very forcible manner anyone attempting to touch the young birds.

Among the Hackneys which will come under the hammer at Elsenham Hall, on Friday, are several mares and fillies whose sire was the famous Danegelt. Lady Keyingham, with a sturdy colt foal of her own, is well known in the show-ring. Caprice and Chloris owe their

the way home was occupied by the bear, who came to meet them, and recommended retreat into the paddock occupied by a bison calf, to which, providentially, a keeper was attending at the moment. The bear, probably alarmed by the native keepers, who came in a body armed with



Bright Compton,

Queenie.

Comedy.

SOME OF SIR WALTER GILBEY'S FAMOUS HACKNEYS.

Photo by Tadman, Stanstead.

being respectively to Lord of the Manor and Cadet. Queenie, a three-year-old daughter of the great sire, is one of the best among the youngsters; and Comedy, a two-year-old filly, also one of Danegelt's children, attracts attention the moment she moves by her perfect paces. Bright Compton is the two-year-old daughter of Hedon Squire, one of the best Hackney sires living, and father of many promising young horses and others which have fulfilled their early promise.

In marked contrast to the Hackney, I give a picture of a typical racer in the shape of Elf II., who so cleverly won the Goodwood Cup. He is trained in France, is a chestnut horse by Upas—Analogy, and was bred by that well-known French sportsman Comte de Berteux. He ran twice as a two-year-old without winning, and at three years he was thrice unsuccessful, after which he won a selling race. Then he passed into the hands of his present owner, M. J. de Bramond. In the latter's colours he won a big handicap at Chantilly. Last year he won several races at Paris and Vincennes over distances ranging from one and a-half miles to three miles. This year he won three races off the reel, but at the Paris Meeting on May 12 he was beaten by Little Monarque, despite the fact that 7 to 1 was laid on Elf II. The horse is now five years old.



ELF II., A TYPICAL RACER.

torches on long bamboos, tried to find shelter in the bison paddock too, and being refused admittance, charged the keepers, who discreetly "kept a good distance away." At length the Superintendent of the Gardens,

who had been absent on business, arrived, and with great pluck "went for" the bear with an iron bar. The bear was so astonished at his audacity that she received a few smart blows on the snout, and fled to her own cage without more than a demonstration of fighting. It appears that the door of her den is "kept closed by a large stone," which sounds a primitive way of detaining dangerous beasts, and that some coolies working in the gardens "moved the stone and forgot to put it back" when they left. They want a plucky Superintendent in the Mysore "Zoo."

Yet another Polo book! Mr. T. B. Dryborough, the well-known Edinburgh player, is the guilty party this time. If he writes as well as he plays, his book will be well worth reading.

Russia and France seem to be as devoted friends as ever. News comes from St. Petersburg that next autumn a Franco-Russian Exhibition will be organised there. The French Ambassadors, Comtesse de Montebello, has accepted the charge of the French section, while Princess Marie Lobanoff-Rostowsky, President of the Red Cross League, will



Caprice,

Lady Keyingham.

Chloris.

SOME OF SIR WALTER GILBEY'S FAMOUS HACKNEYS.

Photo by Tadman, Stanstead.

There are possibilities hanging over a visit to zoological collections in India which are denied us at home. One evening in May last, two English lady visitors to the Mysore "Zoo" were informed that "a bear was out," and advised to go home; they took the advice, but, unfortunately,

have the Russian section under her direction. The receipts of the Exhibition are to be entirely consecrated to the object of building a hospital for invalids and wounded persons in memory of the Czar Alexander III. The Municipality of St. Petersburg is giving the site.

I see that the doctors of Germany have been putting their foot down on women practitioners. This country is more sensible. It does not persecute the fair physician. Thus Miss Hamilton, who was educated here, has been out to Afghanistan and has recently returned with many curious experiences of the East.



MISS HAMILTON, THE AMEER'S DOCTOR.

Photo by Ball, Cabul.

powder of a dead man's Skull that hath been an Anatomy, for a woman, and the powder of a woman for a man; compound these together, and take as much of the powder of all these, as will lie upon two pence, for nine mornings together in Endive water, and drink a good draught of Endive water after it. The Virtues of this Physick be these: It comforteth the Spirit Vital, and preserveth greatly the Spirit Vital, and preserves the youth of man, and helpeth all inward diseases coming of cold, and against shaking of the Palsie. It cureth the contract of sinews, and helpeth the conception of the barren, it killeth the germ, it killeth the gout, it helpeth the tooth-ach, it comforteth the stomach very much, it cureth the cold Dropsie, it breaketh the stone in the back, and in the reins of the back, it cureth Canker, and whosoever useth this water oft, it preserveth them in good liking.

Again—

Take prepared Pearls, eyes or stones of Crabs, of red Coral, or White Amber, of Harts-horn, of Oriental Bezar-stone, of each half-an-ounce, of the powder of the black tops of the Crabs claws to the weight of all the former; make them all into powder, according to Art, and with jelly made with the skin or casting of our Vipers, make it up into small Tablets, or Trochiscs, which you must warily dry, as before prescribed, and reserve for your use.

If you know your Fleet Street well, you cannot have failed to notice the Janus of a licensed porter who haunts the corner of Chancery Lane. He is Leonard Hale, an old soldier with a good record. Born in 1821, he joined the 50th (Queen's Own) Regiment when he was eighteen and a-half. At the end of 1841 he joined the regiment at Calcutta, being twice wrecked *en route*. He took part in the Gwalior Campaign against the Mahrattas, and was present at the battle of Punniar, December 29, 1843, for which he received the Bronze Star. He was next engaged in the Sutlej Campaign, 1845-6, and took part in the battles of Moodkee, December 18, 1845; Ferozeshuhur, December 21 and 22, 1845; Aliwal, January 28, 1846; and Sobraon, February 10, 1846; and for these engagements received the medal for Moodkee and a bar for each of the other engagements. During the battle of Ferozeshuhur he captured a horse from the enemy for his colonel (Colonel Ryan), whose own horse had been shot, and, under fire, procured water for the horse of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. At the battle of Sobraon he took the regimental colour from the hands of a wounded officer and gave it to another, and also captured a Sikh colour, which now hangs in Maidstone parish church.

After the campaign the 50th marched to Ludhiana, and on May 20, 1846, a terrific hurricane wrecked the quarters of nine companies, killing many soldiers, women, and children. Hale himself was so seriously injured that he was invalided home, and in 1847 discharged on a small pension. He afterwards joined the Berkshire Militia, and was stationed at Corfu with the Militia Brigade during the Crimean War. He was also very successful in obtaining recruits for the Army. Subsequently he acted as Drum-Major and



MR. LEONARD HALE ("RED-CAP").

Photo by the Parisian School of Photography, Fleet Street.

Marker in the Reading Volunteers, being known as Marker-Major. For twenty-four and a-half years he has stood at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street as a licensed messenger, being known to many, on account of the head-dress he wears, as "Red-cap."

A Yorkshire correspondent in the course of a letter ordering a special number of *The Sketch* says—

If I was cast up upon a desert island with no—well, "no nothing"—I should be content to have a Bible and *The Sketch* as daily companions. I am often indebted to you for much information, and many things are brought under notice (works of charity and investments, &c.) I should otherwise escape.

By the institution of "Clubland," that common meeting-ground of members of all the leading clubs, which has now become an institution, the attractions of Henley are very much enhanced. Ample room is provided, and comfort assured for every individual visitor. From its raised and covered stand there is an uninterrupted view of the racing from Fawley Court to the winning-post. "Clubland" had a full and select gathering at Ascot.

Mr. Horsfall Turner, of Idle, Yorkshire, is well known to all who are interested in Brontë traditions from the fact that he has been for many years an industrious collector of every kind of relic relating to Charlotte Brontë, her sisters, and family. He now presents us with an interesting volume containing the writings of the Rev. Patrick Brontë. The book will interest those collectors who have not had the good fortune to obtain possession of Mr. Brontë's books in their original form. One of these, by the way, I find on sale in a catalogue, just to hand, and it comes from the library of the late Mr. Dodgson, the author of "Alice in Wonderland." By bringing all Mr. Brontë's books together under one cover Mr. Horsfall Turner enables us to form a rough conception of Mr. Brontë's talents. These were not superfluously great, and he would assuredly have died forgotten had it not been for the genius of his two famous daughters. There is, it is true, a phrase in one of his poems which Charlotte Brontë incorporated in "Jane Eyre," but there is a singular lack of distinctive phrases throughout his writings as a whole. I repeat, however, that the Brontë enthusiasm—to which I am far from wishing to put any limit—will give a certain success to this volume, and Mr. Horsfall Turner deserves thanks for having thus collected Mr. Brontë's poems, stories, and sermons.



MR. J. HORSFALL TURNER.

Photo by Gunston, Bradford.

A sentimental boycott is being agitated amongst the American colony to be directed against a London firm that has been flying the "stars and stripes," with a trade name attached thereto, for an advertisement. While, in England, this misuse of the national ensign is not a misdemeanour (to our shame be it said), in the United States the "Sons of the American Revolution" have succeeded in securing legislation that protects their flag from such disgrace. Several Americans in London are organising a crusade that shall make "Old Glory" honoured abroad by citizens of the United States as well as at home. One firm has already very courteously complied with the request to remove its name from the flag, and has substituted a new ensign in the place of the old. The Regent Street firm, however, has shown less generosity, and it will be interesting to see how long it will be before the offensive letters are removed. American tourists, not always tactful in the display of their patriotism, are, this year, in no temper to submit to any real or fancied insult to their flag. Such a movement as this will spread merrily at the least provocation, even if American ladies have to deny themselves their national beverage of "ice-cream soda" which is dispensed at this unpopular shop. We might well take a leaf out of their book, and do as much for the British Union Jack, which is used as a tradesman's sign not infrequently in London.

While the American mind is engrossed with the problem of how to deal with the new possessions which are to be added to the States after the war, Spain is making desperate efforts to secure against invasion those parts of her territories which are never likely to be attacked. At Santa Cruz fortifications have been hastily repaired and strengthened since war was declared; heavy guns have been brought out from Spain, and the inhabitants of the Canaries are more or less living under martial law. The photographs of Santa Cruz which appear in this issue were "snapped" in the most undisguised manner by an Irish gentleman the day after an organised demonstration had taken place against the English-speaking peoples. Perhaps the effervescence had been worked off in the next twenty-four hours, or, more likely, the proud Spaniard viewed with disdain the proceedings of the itinerant artist. The plates were developed by Messrs Mayall, Piccadilly.

HOW SPAIN MEANS TO HOLD THE CANARIES.



VIEW OF EARTHWORK AND MASONRY FORTS IN DISTANCE.



SANTA CRUZ, FROM THE SEA.



A SQUARE IN SANTA CRUZ.



GUNS ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.



SOLDIERS DISCUSSING THE CRISIS.



TWO OF THE SIX NEW GUNS OF LARGE CALIBRE.



PICKET OF THE FORT.



CAVALRY PATROL.

JAPANESE JOKES.

Photographs by Shelley.

Humour is a quality very difficult to define, but it will be admitted that the humorist must needs be gifted with the power of observation: the knack of looking at each new object that comes before him and noting at once the peculiarities that make it what it is. Perhaps this is why some

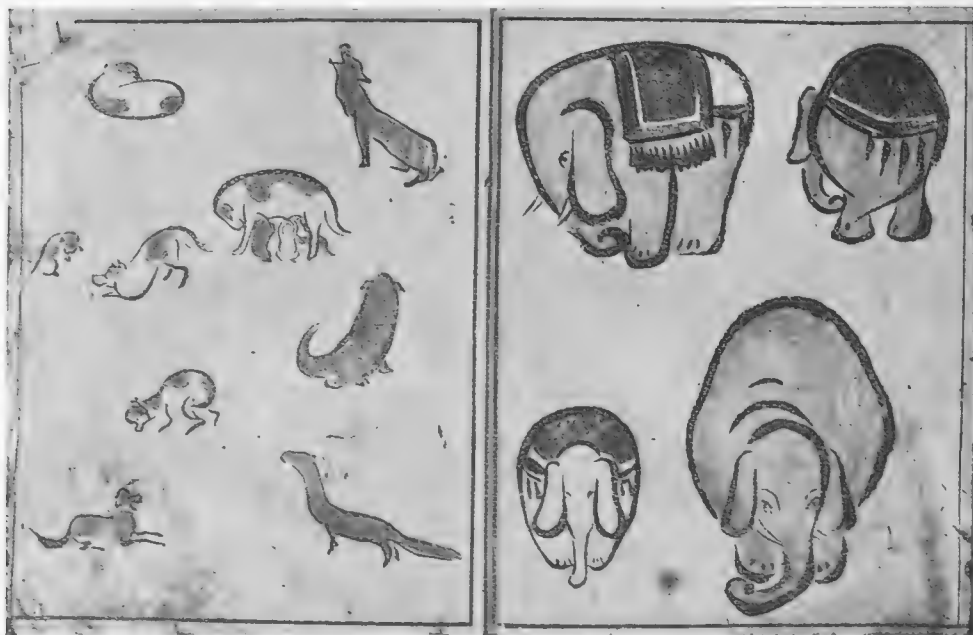
annoyed at this novel demand for his work, which had compelled him to constant diligence. Surely a humorist and a philosopher!

These books of his display the closest observation of birds and beast. Some of the drawings, indeed, are mainly remarkable for their imaginative qualities. Thus the drunkenly docile elephants are probably reminiscences of the pictures of other artists, who themselves had never actually seen the animal in question. Again, if a certain beast that looks like a very fantastic dog in coloured earthenware be indeed (as one suspects) intended for a lion, one can but remember that the book in which it appears is professedly humorous. But there is a fox which shows that the very points in that animal which have most appealed to Mr. J. A. Shepherd were precisely those that seemed most notable to his predecessor in Japan. There is a gorgeous goose which half pauses in the act of walking with one foot in the air, and the ridiculous pomposity of the goose is perfectly caught and rendered. The peacock has a black neck and body, and the eyes in its tail are green; but it is so entirely characteristic—by reason of a subtle exaggeration here and there—that it possesses all the best qualities of humour. A festoon of monkeys, a page of cats, some parrots, tortoises, grasshoppers, owls, and frogs, are all depicted with the sort of fidelity that is only possible where the artist knows how to exaggerate the salient points a little. It is to be noted, also, that in the majority of cases everything has been done in, at most, a half-dozen lines. There are some cats and rabbits in which the simplicity is even more remarkable; and two sketches of a bird of the grebe kind, which has just captured an eel, are simply masterly in their swift suggestion of attitude and action.

Another book contains sketches of men and women done with the same daring. Three or four pages show the ladies of Japan engaged in all the pleasant activities that seem to be their only occupation. One reads, one lounges, and once you see two ladies who lean together for mutual support, the one meditating while the other plays the samisen. A line of six people is done from in front and from behind, and in each case there can be scarcely a dozen lines. On one page a lady rides her horse, which ambles in the gentlest way; close by you see the alarm of the same lady when the animal has bolted. There is a lively page of acrobats, one of whom bows to an imaginary audience with an action you may see any day in the week at any music-hall. Then there are strange circles of old men who sit as children do for the game of hunt-the-slipper, and seem to be engaged in deep deliberation. There are pages containing innumerable figures, all perfectly suggested; and these remind one that other artists have done books containing pages crowded with horses, all drawn with wonderful vitality, and by only a stroke or two of the brush. The books were presumably done to delight children; but they hold so much of skill, of fancy, and of observation, that they are possessions to be coveted by all to whom the lighter side of art is an amusement.

H. D. LOWRY.

The motor-car trade in France is exceedingly brisk. One of the leading firms is turning out three motor vehicles a-day, and orders are accepted on the understanding that it may be a year before they are executed. Improvements are being made with regard to the accumulators in these oil motors.

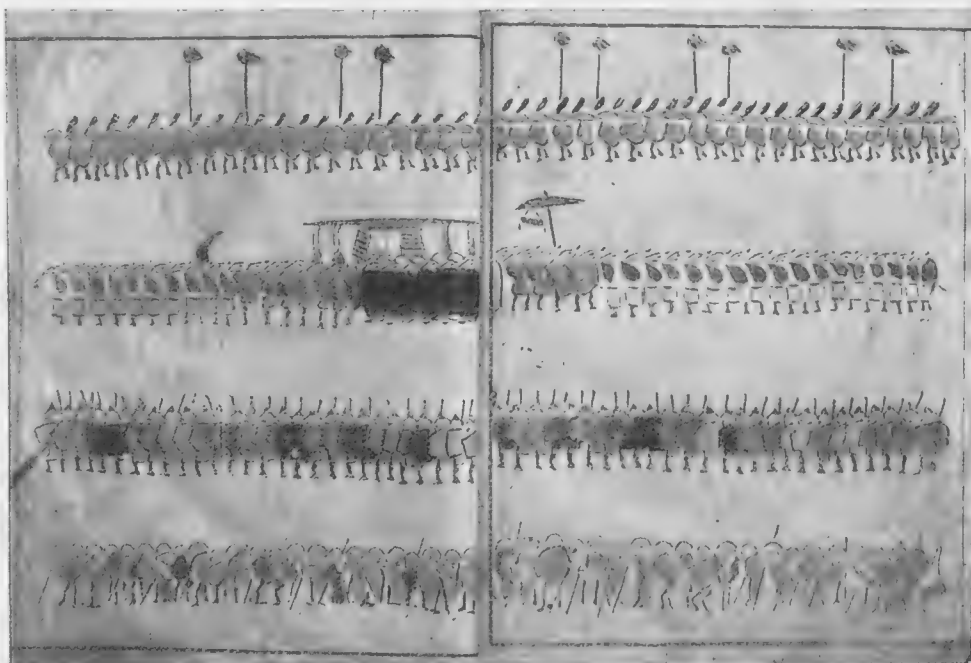


JAPANESE JOKES.

men have dared to say that women have no humour, for it is undoubtedly the fact that a woman's intuitions are rather general than particular. Now, this gift of observation is possessed by the Japanese to a very remarkable extent. You have only to look at a little piece of old metal-work, or the casual sketch of an artist, to see, for example, that before photography existed they understood the action of birds in flight, as we have learned to know it only within the last few years. They have also a keen sense of fun, and almost every work of art they have produced contains some manifestation thereof; so that one would naturally expect their professedly humorous works to be amusing in the extreme.

It must be remembered that to the Japanese artist the brush was almost as much a part of himself as his tongue. He had been trained to use it from his earliest youth, and there was hardly anything he could not do with it. Here, for example, is a form of entertainment that used to be extremely popular. A wealthy man who had guests coming to his house would summon some half-dozen well-known artists, who would take it in turns to produce lightning sketches for the amusement of the people. A piece of paper would be laid out, and someone would draw upon it a big geometrical figure—say, a cross, some two feet high by eighteen inches wide. Then one of the artists would come forward, and it would be his task to paint a picture round the cross, in such a way that the heavy black lines lost all their prominence and became simply parts of a complete design. Among the little albums of prints that can still be picked up for a few shillings apiece is one in which all the pictures are of this kind. In one part of each page is a huge black letter in Japanese. The rest of the page is occupied by a human figure, often grotesque, and in every case you have to look with particular care before you can see that the thick black lines of the letter are introduced and concealed in a little drawing which still retains the most exquisite simplicity.

The artist of two little books that suggested this article was named Keisai Yeisen, and there is other evidence than that of his published works which goes to prove that he looked upon life humorously. It is recorded of him that once upon a time, after a period of obscurity, he suddenly became famous, while the demand for his pictures was vastly increased. His publisher, who had done in the past all those kind actions that publishers are wont to do for struggling authors, rejoiced exceedingly, and foresaw good times for himself and his protégé alike. But at this juncture the artist suddenly disappeared, and a long search failed to result in any tidings of his whereabouts. Finally, however, there came news of a stranger who had appeared mysteriously in a certain sequestered village, and was making the most delightful decorations for the kites of the children. The publisher went to look him up, and found himself at the end of his journey face to face with Keisai Yeisen, who explained that he had fled the city because it bored him to be famous, while he was



JAPANESE JOKES.

THE FOUNDRESS OF GIRTON.

Sealand's Gate, Robertsbridge, the Sussex cottage, belongs to history. In the little parlour (to the left of the spectator) was mooted and developed the scheme of Girton College, the first University ever opened for women and the inauguration of a new educational era. Before describing the genesis of Girton College, let me say a few words about Sealand's



BARBARA BODICHON, THE FOUNDRESS
OF GIRTON, 1867.
Photo by Disderi, Paris.

Gate, the home of its foundress. In 1866, the tiny house, since immensely enlarged and improved, constituted the rural *pied-à-terre* in England of Madame Bodichon and her French husband, their home being in Algeria. The original building, however, was left intact, and its small entrance-hall, serving as a dining-parlour, contains a chimney-piece which, I venture to say, is absolutely unique. Constructed in red brick, with deep ingle-nooks, after the good old fashion, it is a record of eminent men and women, most of them, alas! belonging to the past; it is also a memorial of intellectual, artistic, and social good-fellowships extending over many years.

Here we see, painted on the wall by their own hands, the following names—

M. E. Lewes.
G. H. Lewes. 1866.

On each side and around occur the following autographs, *inter*

alia, D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Daubigny, Henry Moore (accompanied by a charming little sea-piece), William Allingham, W. B. Scott, Professor Sylvester, and, to come to social workers, Edwin Chadwick, Henry Fawcett, Maria Rye, and many others. Some of the autographs are painted in one colour, some in another, and several of them are accompanied by mottoes or designs.

What a pity that this chimney-piece cannot be transferred to Girton College, there, with Madame Bodichon's portrait, to remind students of the many-sidedness of their noble benefactress! The tiny cottage grew and grew, now a studio and study being added, now a wing, its present dimensions being those of an ordinary country-house. During the last fifteen years of Madame Bodichon's life she was a confirmed invalid, and the interests of a night-school for both sexes replaced the delightful activity of former days. In this work she was assisted by an old and much-esteemed friend, Mr. W. Ransom, actual Chairman of the Hastings School Board.

The beginnings of Girton College, like those of Sealand's Gate, were on the most modest scale. During the summer of 1866 Miss Emily Davies visited Robertsbridge, and her hostess's project was discussed from morning till night. It was then decided to open a temporary place at Hitchin, Madame Bodichon contributing £1000 towards the initiatory outlay, and Miss Emily Davies generously undertaking the responsibilities of Lady Principal. Other contributions came in, and a year or two later Hitchin opened its doors to young women seeking a University education, six students availing themselves of the privilege. With what delight did Madame Bodichon carry off her friends to "the College"—an ordinary house in itself, but transformed into an academy of learning, girl graduates colloquing at table and under the trees of Little Goes and Triposes, of "going up" and "coming down," of "doing Aristophanes this term," or "reading for honours next." And how little could even the most enthusiastic

advocate of equality in education forecast the future; picture the splendid buildings of Girton and Newnham, lecture-halls and grounds, thronged by hundreds—we may now, indeed, say thousands—of women students, not a few from remote regions, and not a few destined to utilise their learning in the uttermost corners of the British Empire. Doubtless, old-fashioned objectors to the once-derided blue-stockings still exist; there are men, perhaps, who, like a character in Mrs. Lynn Lynton's clever novel, "prefer women who scream easily," in other words, the empty-brained; but, as another wit has observed, "there is no premium put upon ignorance." As a rule, the wise, no matter their sex, are esteemed before the foolish. M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

A SONG OF JULY.

SEVEN-SISTERS' ROSES.

Climbing roses, grown pale on the wall,
Desiring the ground and afraid to fall—
Moths that poise, too new and shy
In the strange warm world to seek to fly;
How will you match them, the tremulous things,
With a failing fire or with untried wings?

How should they fly who can hardly climb
To your window's height all the summer time?
Yet ere the autumn come coldly down
On roseless leaves that are shrunk and brown,
Out from your window lean, Heart's Dear,
And comfort them for their sojourn here.

Comfort them, comfort for heavy rain,
Dews that drown them and suns that stain;
Whisper them that they climb no more,
Having come to their Heaven's door:
Whisper, too, that the grass is long
And the cuckoo trying his farewell song.

Whisper low that the grass is green
And sleep is never so hard to win
As heart's desire is: and whispering so,
Shake them down to the grass below—
Smile and scatter them one and all,
Desiring the ground and afraid to fall.—NORA HOPPER.



SEALAND'S GATE, ROBERTSBRIDGE, MADAME BODICHON'S COTTAGE IN WHICH THE FOUNDATION OF
GIRTON COLLEGE WAS ARRANGED FOR IN 1867.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

PELICAN AND CHESTNUT-COLOURED SHELDRAKE.

Though less plentiful than it used to be in the days before the advent of civilisation, the Australian pelican is still very common on the mainland and in Tasmania wherever reasonable quiet may be enjoyed. It is never found far from water: the rivers, inlets of the sea, inland lakes and lagoons—in short, any aquatic haunt which offers an adequate stock of fish to satisfy its healthy appetite contents this bird. Time was when pelicans were found in enormous numbers in localities whence they have now vanished before the advance of man. Captain Sturt, the explorer, was greatly impressed by the vast size of the pelican flocks he saw on the Darling River; they covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and in numbers that were simply dazzling. The Australian pelican has more black about its back and wings than either of its European congeners, but, apart from this, there is no very striking difference between them. The breeding habits of all the various species are similar, wherever found; a large heap of sticks and weeds or herbage, put together with some care and attention to tidiness, forms the nest, which is always placed just above high-water mark. On this nest the hen-bird lays her dirty yellowish-white eggs, usually two in number, and hatches out her chicks. Young pelicans are sadly wanting in youthful beauty. They come out of the eggs quite naked, and are very odd-looking creatures indeed. Mr. Artzibascheff, describing the breeding-places of the pelican on the Sarpa, says he has been astonished at the little love exhibited by the old birds for their offspring, as more than once, on approaching a nest and firing a shot, they have deserted their children then and there.

The aborigines near the Murray River, according to Mr. Gould, called this bird the *Boo-dee-lung*, but what that musical appellation means the great authority omits to tell us. The black-fellow, lowest of all men in the scale of humanity, does not appear to have disturbed the pelican's peace at all seriously, though he might have turned it to valuable account as a decoy for other fowl had he possessed the wit of the Sindh and Mekran coast fishermen. Those astute observers of nature, says Mr. Hume in "Stray Feathers," keep tame pelicans on all inland waters; they secure the bird by a cord tied to the leg and moor it to a bunch of rushes or a stake driven into the bottom and out of sight below the surface. The pelican is such a wary bird that the sight of one riding quietly in nook or cove is quite enough to reassure any passing wildfowl, which come down to be netted or shot by the fishermen lying hidden close by. If the waters in the neighbourhood of their nesting-place do not yield fish in quantities sufficient to supply the colony of breeding birds, they travel great distances to better fishing-grounds, bringing home the "basket" in the great pouch of the bill. The pelican is very swift, both on the wing and in the water. Mr. Artzibascheff once pursued a wounded bird for over an hour in a boat rowed by two first-rate oarsmen; it swam so rapidly and doubled with such activity as to tire his men out, and he was obliged to shoot it dead instead of taking it alive. The bird cannot dive or plunge. It catches fish by darting down its head as it swims in company with others. A pelican fishing-party is a very curious sight, and the proceedings betray more wisdom on the bird's part than one might suspect it possessed. Collecting in some shallow bay, they arrange themselves in a crescent and swim shorewards, beating the water with their wings, and gradually closing in as they approach the beach. In this fashion they

drive the frightened fish into the shallow, where they are caught with ease and certainty. Cormorants and other birds often assist at such "drives."

Less quaint but much more ornamental is the beautiful Chestnut Sheldrake, the finest and handsomest of the ducks found in Australia. It is larger than the Muscovy Duck, and Nature has been lavish in adorning it. A photograph does its gorgeous uniform no justice; the head and



THE AUSTRALIAN PELICAN.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

neck above the white ring are rich, dark, and glossy green; the breast and upper part of the back pale chestnut; back and under parts black, finely freckled and waved with pale chestnut; lower part of back and tail glossed with green, while the wing is a tasteful arrangement in white, black, rich chestnut, and green. There is no description less satisfactory than one which attempts to convey the appearance of a brilliantly plumaged bird; but as the Common Sheldrake of Britain wears a faint imitation of the glories of the Australian species, you may glean an idea of the latter. The Chestnut Sheldrake is very generally distributed over the well-watered parts of South-West Australia and Tasmania, but is nowhere very common: it used to be found in the bays and rivers near Hobart; we can well understand, however, that a bird so conspicuously handsome would not long remain near civilisation, and now the sheldrake must be sought in places as retired and solitary as the haunts of the pelican. In South Australia the bird builds upon the alluvial flats, after the manner of the rest of its kind; but, even as the British wild duck has been known to nest in a tree, so this Australian species is said to breed in holes and "spouts"—hollow limbs—of lofty gum-trees; the closely allied Radjah Sheldrake frequently selects some such hole as a nursery. Inasmuch as all young ducks are hatched ready to "fend for themselves," it devolves upon the parents to bring the brood down to the water's edge without delay, which they do, carrying the youngsters between their feet. The Chestnut Sheldrake resembles many others of the duck tribe in that it forms its nest of down plucked from its own breast; in the nest thus constructed it lays thirteen eggs.

Specimens of this duck have often been shown at Regent's Park. The last pair was acquired in June 1893, but prior to that date the society have had several. The bird has never bred in the Gardens, however. They are not very often procurable in this country, and when they are obtainable cost, says the Hon. Rose Hubbard, from £6 to £8 a pair. Like other sheldrakes, they are pugnacious and quarrelsome, so, despite their beauty, do not make ideal ornamental waterfowl. Mr. Blaauw, the well-known Dutch naturalist, who has kept them in captivity, draws attention to the fact that the male Chestnut Sheldrake changes his brilliant coat in the winter for one much less attractive.



CHESTNUT-COLOURED SHELDRAKES.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.



ON THE EAST ANGLIAN BROADS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLEY.

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH": WHAT IT MEANS TO OUR AMERICAN ALLIES.

MR. JULIAN RALPH, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR FROM THE OTHER SIDE, TELLS HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS.

I wonder if there is another country which celebrates a national festival as the Americans keep the Fourth of July, the "Glorious Fourth," as it has always been called by them. Certainly no country in Europe has anything akin to it. The Americans copy France a great deal in their



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

manner of making popular demonstrations—with pageants and elaborate house and street decorations—whether these be rejoicings or occasions of mourning. But France knows nothing like the racket and smoke and uproar of the American's principal holiday. The smoke of gunpowder is as the nation's incense on that day, and the rattle of Chinese crackers serves as the foundation of the jubilant confusion; but not in China or Japan, where silent lanterns and equally noiseless kites and balloons are the dominant playthings, did I see any day celebrated as is the birthday of the States.

For years which ran into decades after the colonies achieved their independence the earlier celebrations of the day, as Benjamin Franklin

knew them, were almost wholly military and oratorical. In the cities troops were marched about and public men renowned for their eloquence delivered patriotic addresses in some great central hall or public square. Some of Daniel Webster's most-quoted and magnetic sentences flowed from him at Independence Day celebrations. In the country, especially in New England, the local Militia paraded (or "trained," as they used to say), some local notable read the Declaration of Independence, and the best orator of the place delivered an address of what is called over there the best "spread-eagle" style. The reading of the Declaration, with its severe arraignment of George III. for his numerous acts of injustice to the colonists, was always a feature of the day's observance; and to this day Tammany Hall, of New York, which, despite its present unsavoury notoriety, is one of the oldest patriotic organisations in the country, always begins its public observance with the reading of Thomas Jefferson's immortal document, which declares all men free and equal, and which, though mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson, was prepared by a committee with Franklin as one of its chief members. Tammany follows this with orations by eloquent Senators and Congressmen, after which refreshments are served to a multitude, and fireworks at night end the celebration. In other cities and towns this old fashion is kept up, but these are exceptions. They are mere echoes of the one-time general custom. Oratory has gone out of fashion even in America.

To-day the parades are no longer generally military, for the troops have given place to civic or foreign societies and veterans of former wars, who always, in New York, usher in the "Glorious Fourth" by unfurling the "stars and stripes" above the mound which is all that remains of a colonial fort in Central Park. The processions have grown to be of less and less interest, while a fashion has grown up for the working people in the cities to go to the seaside or country upon excursion boats and trains which are run to every popular resort. Those who stay at home burn gunpowder in mildly explosive forms by day, and in the shape of fireworks at night. In fact, the general daytime celebration has in this way been turned over to the boys and girls, while at night young and old together enjoy the spectacular destruction of what must constitute a vast fortune in fireworks. Because Portland, Maine, was once almost destroyed by carelessly used crackers, the various city governments place differing restrictions and embargoes on the use of fireworks, but in every city the day is still the noisiest of the year, and in the country no limit is set upon the variety of fiery playthings in use. Fires are still very abundant, and a list of the casualties in killed, wounded, maimed, and burned, all over the country, would doubtless be appalling were the statistics obtainable.

During the week preceding "the Fourth," paterfamilias is everywhere seen taking home boxes of crackers and paper torpedoes, and bundles of rockets, Roman candles, pin-wheels, and the like, while the express, or carriers', waggons are delivering the same goods in immense packages at the houses of the rich, especially at their summer homes. For days before the holiday, fusilades of Chinese crackers are heard intermittently wherever children are allowed to gratify their impatience for the day to come. Finally, the day itself is everywhere ushered in at midnight of the third of July by the firing of muskets and pistols at the hands of men who have waited up until that hour to be first in the manufacture of the

national racket. Thus begins the most joyous day in all the year for the children. With one of their parents, an elder brother, or a nurse, to watch over them and to keep a look-out against fire, the children of each house assemble, in the back-gardens in the cities, or in front of the country houses, with their heaps and mounds of packages of crackers and torpedoes near at hand and their lighted sticks of "punk"—a very slow-burning composition—in each child's hands wherewith to ignite the crackers or set off their toy cannons. The girls prefer paper torpedoes, and the larger boys discharge revolvers loaded with blank cartridges. The adults, who commonly pretend that the manner of observing the day is an unmitigated nuisance, are nearly everywhere observed to be taking a hand in the noise-making, being impelled so to do by their recollections of the intense enjoyment they used to find in the sport and by their desire to show their children their superior skill in manipulating the tiny explosives.

The night displays of fireworks, given in the public parks at the expense of the municipalities, are as artistic and elaborate as lavish expenditure can render them. A manufacturer from London is among the chief providers of the material for these gorgeous spectacles. But, for my part, what seems best of all the entertainments of a perfectly successful "Fourth" is a night display at some rich man's house by the seaside. The house-party dines heartily, with the holiday spirit enlivening the meal; then all remove to the great porch to sip coffee, to smoke, and to await the coming of night's deepest shadows. The fireworks men have built the ingenious frames and skeletons of wood upon which the fireworks are to be shown in such a position as to utilise the sea for a curtain-like background. The impatient children are kept up, and are



WHERE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LIVED: 7, CRAVEN STREET, STRAND.

Photo by Bolas, Orford Street, W.

heard whispering eagerly about the joy to come. At last the brilliant, chromatic, whirling pieces are set off, with volleys of witty comment from the spectators and exclamations of delight from the children. Then all is over, night shrouds the scene, and rest from a day of excitement seems coupled with an immeasurable calm.

JULIAN RALPH.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is curious to find, in a frank picture of anecdote, the influence of Mr. Whistler very charmingly demonstrated, as it certainly is, in the "By the Fireside," by Carlton A. Smith, R.I., exhibited in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and here reproduced. The details of the fireside are, perhaps, not particularly Whistlerian; but if you separate the central, seated figure, with the face set, as it were, over against the wall, from the rest of the picture, you find a curious resemblance to the repose, the attitude, the manner of Mr. Whistler. Thus sat "Carlyle," thus sat the figure in the "Portrait of the Painter's Mother," and there is no doubt that in his "By the Fireside" there is, at all events so far as part of the canvas is concerned, a real distinction and beauty of composition, a good deal above the customary level.

"Rhoda," by Barbara Johnson, is an exceedingly pretty miniature. The portrait is firmly and skilfully drawn, and girl and flower arranged in a charming combination. It is also here reproduced.

There has come the inevitable lull in the land, so far as novelties in the artistic world are concerned; but one is interested in noting that the great movement, the progress of which has been recorded from time to time in these columns, the "artistification" of the poster, has at last flowered into a journalistic venture, and the *Poster* has now to be reckoned with as a chronicle of the doings with which this side of art is concerned. That is, of course, as it should be. Any genuine art movement, from whatever obscurity it may have emerged, needs the assistance of literature for its final success, at all events in these days of competition of journalism. There was Mr. Ruskin for Pre-Raphaelitism, there was

George Augustus Sala for the great period of British anecdotage, there have been Mr. Henley and Mr. Whistler himself for Mr. Whistler's art; and now it is fitting that there should be a magazine to sing the possibility, the achievement, the glory of the poster.



RHODA.—BARBARA JOHNSON.

I can only hope that the result will be the total abolition of the bad old poster, which, although in old days it covered all London, has now been banished from our central streets. Unfortunately, however, Suburbia still opens her arms to the embrace of the antique horror. You still see on all sides the terrible old melodramatic scenes, the clamorous colour, the odious suggestions, the painful composition which distinguish that time of hoarding art. If the *Poster* would undertake an energetic and determined crusade against even these outlying abuses, it would be a most commendable work. The only reason why any human creature still accepts the horrors in this branch of pictorial art that are served up in this manner is because men so very seldom use their eyes unless they are told to look. This is, however, only a side-issue of the work which may be accomplished by an energetic little paper of this kind.

The first volume of the cheap edition of Ruskin's works has just been issued by George Allen, containing part of "The Stones of Venice" ("The Foundations"), with illustrations by the author—the book for which, as he says, "it became necessary for me to examine not only every one of the older palaces, stone by stone, but every fragment throughout the city which afforded any clue to the formation of its styles." The printing of the book is beautiful, the size admirable, and the illustrations are extremely well reproduced.



BY THE FIRESIDE.—CARLTON A. SMITH, R.I.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Copyright reserved.]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FASCINATING MRS. WHITEHEAD.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

The worst of a steamer flirtation is that you are, more or less, bound to see it through. Gilchrist went to Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, by a British African boat, because they start from Liverpool, near which port he resided. Mrs. Whitehead went by the same steamer, because she thought there was less likelihood of meeting people who knew her there than there would be on one of the bigger and faster Cape boats which go from the South of England. And, to further this coy desire, she decapitated her name, and appeared on the purser's list as Mrs. White. Gilchrist foregathered with her before they had brought Holyhead over the quarter, because he and she were the only two passengers who had not seen the necessity of going below to lie down.

"Will you let me lash your deck-chair?" he said, by way of introduction. "The sea'll get worse soon, when we open up the Channel more, and you may get a nasty spill."

He very naturally got leave to do that, and (quite as naturally) wedged himself in a corner beside her and began to talk. That was the beginning of it all. By the time they had got abreast of Land's End, he had discovered that her Christian name was Edith, and, by the time they had crossed the Bay and were carrying the brown hills of Portugal along on their port beam, he had dropped into the habit of letting slip the name of Edith with the most skilled unconsciousness whenever there was none else within earshot.

He was not exactly new to this sort of game, and no more was she. They owned up to the fact cheerfully. "I do hate callow youths," said Mrs. White; and, "When I find myself paired off with school-girls under two-and-twenty," said Gilchrist, "I bolt as soon as I conveniently can, and have a comfortable swear. Let me drag you a chair behind the lifeboat there, and then you can smoke a cigarette."

"One more cushion, please, just under the head," said Mrs. White; "and now tuck the rug in round my feet. There, thanks; that's nice. Now, some men would be shocked at my sitting here and smoking, when half Portugal might be looking on at us through race-glasses for anything we know. Others would be greedy and keep all their cigarettes to themselves. You are neither one nor the other, and therefore I like you."

"Therefore I'm an infinitely lucky man," said Gilchrist.

"I think you are pretty lucky all the way round. Nothing to do except amuse yourself. You certainly aren't going to Grand Canary for the good of your health, because you're the picture of that already; and I can't say you've got the cut of a man who's going there on business."

"Oh, I'm going to kick up my heels, and walk about, and climb the mountains, and eat oranges and avocado pears. At intervals I shall play a little golf."

"Delightful programme. Nothing to do but amuse yourself. But don't you get rather tired of it sometimes?"

"It hasn't bored me, so far. When a man's had enough of one thing he can try another."

"That depends on the man's income. It's an expensive game ringing the changes too often."

"Well, I suppose it is, come to think of it," said Gilchrist. "I started the yachting mania last summer. That came in rather heavy for a first outfit of materials."

"Evidently," said Mrs. White, with a sigh, "you are a young man having many possessions. What a blessed comfort it must be to get away from the region of narrower means!"

Gilchrist thought the matter over at greater length that night when the lights had been switched off in the smoke-room, and the other passengers had turned in, and he came to several conclusions. Above all things, he was satisfied that it was entirely without drawbacks to be well off. He also gave a good deal of his time to thinking over Mrs. White. He didn't quite know whether he was in love with her or not; he couldn't quite define what being in love meant; but he was completely satisfied she was the nicest woman on that particular steamer, and possibly on many steamers. Moreover, he reminded himself that he was thirty-two, and was under instructions from various relatives who took an interest in him to get married without any further dawdling over it.

To think over a matter of this kind, *solus*, at sea and under the suggestive stars is a very different affair to doing the same prosaically at home. Mrs. White did not turn up all the next morning, and he was bored with his own company. In the afternoon she was also absent, and he grew more bored. And in the evening, when she turned up again, he proposed in the first ten minutes, out of sheer relief at seeing her again.

"Oh, and now I am happy!" said Mrs. White.

He kissed her a great many times—she had an excellent method of kissing—and they arranged to get married in three months' time in London and spend the honeymoon at his shooting-place in Scotland.

"But we won't let the cat out of the bag yet, dear," said Gilchrist, "and then we can have our fun in Las Palmas without being pointed out and giving a free comic entertainment to all the other people."

"No, darling," said Mrs. White; "we'll keep the engagement as our own dear, sweet secret till we get back to England."

But—from what source no one seemed exactly to know—the little episode was being passed about the ship in strictly confidential whispers during the very next morning, and by midday everybody was chuckling

over it and ostentatiously avoiding stares, and at dinner Captain Unage stood champagne all down the tables and the health of the pair of them was drunk with enthusiasm and music. Gilchrist smiled as he returned thanks, and tried not to feel savage; and the hard-up men who were going down to serve on the West Coast of Africa got drunk that night, or mournfully sentimental, according to their natures. But they one and all, during the course of the evening, came and hit Gilchrist on the back several times and told him what a lucky chap he was.

The steamship *M'poso* was coming into Las Palmas Harbour, and Mrs. White was examining with a glass the semi-detached island which carries the lighthouse. "They've taken it down," said she.

Gilchrist asked, "What?"

"That staring white notice on the hillside there—'Grand Canary Engineering Company,' it used to be."

"Oh, you've been here before? I didn't know. You never told me."

"Ye—es, at the Métropole. I shall stay at the Hôtel Catalina now."

"That was before you were left a widow?"

"Oh, of course, my husband was there—. Do run down, there's a dear boy, and make them bring up my boxes. I tipped that wretched steward, and he hasn't done it yet."

Gilchrist went away below, and, as he had his own packing to finish, he did not see an English gentleman come off in the doctor's boat, greet Mrs. White very warmly, exchange a few words with her, and then return hurriedly to shore consumed with abundant laughter. But he was up in time to see the letters brought into the saloon by the shore-agent, and to watch Mrs. White take up a telegram most legibly addressed to "Whitehead."

"Ah!" said Mrs. White, with a sigh of relief, "then it is all right."

Gilchrist experienced a peculiar little thrill. The name of Whitehead carried recent memories for him. It would have done the same for everyone who had been lately in England. So he inquired, "What's all right?"

"My news," said Mrs. White cheerfully.

"Mayn't I share it?"

"Sure you want to, dear?"

"Of course," said Gilchrist, and hoped that he was speaking in his natural voice.

"It's all right, dear," said his *fiancée*. "I can marry you. I wasn't quite sure before, because law is so risky, although this was nearly a certain thing. But they've wired me to say that we've got the decree nisi; so as soon as the time's run out—"

"What!" cried Gilchrist, "you're the Mrs. Whitehead the papers have been crammed with? Oh Lord!" And his mind galloped through a ream of unrefreshing details.

"I'm the lady," said she.

"But I knew nothing of this."

"You never asked me."

"Well, our little farce can't go on."

"Which, pray?"

"Well, if you want it in plainer words, my engagement to you."

"Oh, that's your small game, is it?" said she, smiling sweetly.

"Then I had better see Captain Unage and two or three of the other gentlemen here at once, and get their evidence put down in writing."

Gilchrist whistled.

"You'll look after my things, won't you, till I come back? There's the Purser. I'll go and catch him before he's off ashore."

"Wait a minute," said Gilchrist; "what are you after?"

"Isn't it obvious? Am I going to have my feelings tossed about in this way?"

"That means 'breach of promise.' But you won't get it, you know."

"I shall have a very good try," said Madame drily. "You will look after those things, won't you, till I go and see the Purser?"

"No; wait another minute, please. Law's expensive, and I should think you've had enough airing in the papers lately."

"On the contrary, so much that a little more will make no difference. In fact, it will turn the laugh my side. But as for you, my dear boy, you're different. It will come as a refreshing novelty."

"As I say, law's uncertain, and it's ten to one you'd lose your case. But, look here, I've got a couple of hundred pounds in notes. Will you take that and call it quits?"

"My excellent sir, the 'feelings' are going to cost you a cool thousand if you pay for them now."

"Don't you wish you may get it?"

"I don't very much mind, because I shall ask for ten thousand if we fight, and I should very much prefer to finger ten."

Gilchrist didn't swear, first, because it is rude to swear before a lady, and, secondly, because he didn't know words enough to do justice to the occasion. Instead, he went into the saloon and wrote out a cheque, for which he received a very satisfactory document in return. Afterwards he went ashore.

He met Mrs. White-Whitehead frequently during the ensuing month in Las Palmas, and they always bowed to one another most cordially, but they never spoke. She was always with another man, and once, when he went into the hotel where they were staying, he found out the other man's name. Then he whistled again, most thoughtfully. The name was not new to him. He had read it several times before, in the very same papers where he had read so much about Mrs. Whitehead.



*Within an album quaint, to read
With you of love is sweet indeed !
And yet such words—"affection's token"—
Methinks were sweeter still if spoken ;
I pray you lay its pages by,
O maiden fair, and let us try.—CORA BUSCH.*



*In the summer she lingers for hours
In her garden 'mid blossoming bowers,
Her pretty white gown,
Which is softer than down,
Set off by the roses and flowers.*

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE DEVIL (MR. WALTER PASSMORE), DISGUISED AS A MONK, CAME TO MIRLEMONT WITH THE BEAUTY STONE.

"And anon it sped over sea and land, it journeyed o'er land and sea; it hath lodged in many a fair maid's hand—yet it ever comes back to me."

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



LAINÉ (MISS RUTH VINCENT), THE LAME DAUGHTER OF THE WEAVER, PRAYS FOR BEAUTY AND LOVE.

"Mother of Jesu, at thy feet I cry, for well I wis 'tis so; love sorts but with the fair, and naught am I!"

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



LAINÉ GOT BEAUTY, BUT IT BROUGHT HER NO HAPPINESS.

"Take it away, away! It breeds not joy, but sorrow; though seeming fair to-day, 'tis false to-morrow."

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



CRAZY JACQUELINE (MISS EMMIE OWEN), WHO IS AFTERWARDS TURNED BY THE DEVIL INTO HIS PAGE.

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis. Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE WEAVER'S WIFE (MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM).

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SAIDA (MISS PAULINE JORAN) GETS THE BEAUTY STONE, AND TRIES TO FASCINATE PHILIP, LORD OF MIRLEMONT.

"Mine, mine at last!"

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



PHILIP, LORD OF MIRLEMONT (MR. DEVOLL).

"Let us on, where, loud out-ringing, war's acclaim doth rend the air!"

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE WEAVER (MR. LYTON) TAKES THE STONE AND IS TURNED INTO A BEAUTEOUS YOUTH WHO MAKES LOVE TO SAIDA.



BILL: Wot's that?

JACK: Dunno'; looks like a cross 'twixt a pillar-box broke loose and a runaway fire-escape.



"DELIGHTED, I AM SURE!"

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

"FRANÇOIS" AT THE CECIL.

After the clever stroke of business at the Savoy Hotel in contriving to interest the journalistic world in "Joseph," the new *maitre d'hôtel* of their establishment, it was but natural that the Hotel Cecil, which likewise makes a successful bid for the custom of the epicure, should



"FRANÇOIS" OF THE CECIL.

Photo by Soper and Stedman, Strand.

suggest that it also has a *maitre d'hôtel* who is worthy to be numbered amongst the great virtuosos of the culinary art. For it must not be imagined that the kitchen—one almost shudders at so menial a word—has any unique professor. Billiards certainly has only one Roberts: in no other walk of life that I can call to mind is there so complete a case of "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." The art of which Brillat-Savarin is the prophet has one curious aspect which must not be overlooked. When one reaches the higher circles of the hierarchy of which the scullion is the lowest, one leaves the empirical and ascends to the theoretic, one abandons the person in actual contest with pots and pans and deals with "the master," who conceives but does not execute his

masterpieces, and therefore, it must be admitted, is to no small extent at the mercy of those who serve under him.

At present the destinies of the Cecil are in the hands of M. François. I met him after a dinner chosen by the new *maitre d'hôtel*.

"I want to know," said I, "what you think of M. Joseph's theory of the very simple dinner."

"*Ma foi*, Monsieur," he replied gravely, "my business is not to make my clients eat to please me, but to serve dinners to please them. Some people like simple things, some don't; some like a variety of flavours, some but one or two. I have studied over forty years, and don't pretend to know that one is wiser or more artistic than the other."

M. François was born at Bordeaux in 1840. He came over to England to a college at Blackpool, and began the serious work of his life in 1858 at the Manchester Exhibition. In '60 the Italian War called him back to France, and afterwards he worked for awhile at the "London and New York Hotel," near the Gare St. Lazare, then owned by Cook, the tourist agent. 'Sixty-three saw him at Delmonico's in New York, then, so he thinks, the finest restaurant in the world. 'Sixty-five found him at Monte Carlo at the hotel of M. Blanc, the Hôtel de Paris, where for years he was the *maitre d'hôtel*. When Blanc died in '80, nearly all the employés of the hotel left, and M. François took his staff to the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo, where he presided fifteen years, to the great satisfaction of thousands of English visitors, to say nothing of the foreigners. He has a hotel of his own, Hôtel d'Europe at Monte Carlo, patronised to no small degree by connoisseurs. Incidentally, he has done other work in London, such as presiding over the Savoy at its opening, to say nothing of the Tivoli. This spring saw him in command of the Cecil.

I made the trite observation, "You must have seen many changes?"

"Every year has shown an improvement in the London restaurants, and now you can dine better in London than in Paris."

"Is it due to the superiority of our raw materials?"

He shrugged his shoulders—one is bound at least once in an interview with a Frenchman to say he shrugged his shoulders—"Your mutton, certainly, is superior, though our *pre-salé* is good. Your beef is superb, except that the *filet* is poor and also that it is bad for the *marmite*—that is because you kill your beef too young. We work ours in the fields, which renders them better for the *filet* and *pot-au-feu*. Your game is better; and our poultry beats yours. In the way of fish, no doubt, you're better off; and, so far as vegetables are concerned, the connoisseurs prefer those of France: you see, we cultivate them to have individual existence as a course, not to be mere parts of a dish."

"Have you tried to win fame by inventing new dishes?"

"New dishes, new fiddlesticks!" he replied; "or, to be accurate, new names. The really valuable different combinations of the existing ingredients are well known. When I was a young *maitre d'hôtel*, I had a cook, a clever dog from Gascony, who used to talk about new dishes, and when we had any big function coming on I was fool enough to give him a day's holiday, a week in advance, in order to prepare a novelty for the occasion. Oh yes, he always gave us a novelty—prepared from the dictionary, and so I gave him the sack. Of course, there are people with ruined palates or bad livers—which generally mean the same thing—who, since they really can't taste the known dishes, think they may get something out of the unknown; and cunning cooks tickle their fancies, if not their palates, by bizarre combinations of no real value. No," he said, "give me superb kitchens, such as we have here, a splendid staff, with such a man as M. Coste as *chef de cuisine*, and the best fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetables that the world can produce, and I can delight the most exacting epicure with the old dishes—but, of course, by the word epicure, I mean a *gourmet* whose sense of taste is finely trained."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The author of "Collections and Recollections" (Smith, Elder) has added materially to the gaiety of England. He is that rarest of persons who enjoys good stories with exquisite relish, who remembers their delights, and does not spoil them when he sets them down in print. His social opportunities have been many; he has had a catholic taste for company; he has plucked from books and family traditions to add to his club-room and dinner-table *mots*; and, if we meet old friends on our way through his book, they are valued old friends, well worth a re-introduction to the present generation of readers. It would be unjust to Mr. Russell's intention to describe his book as a mere collection of jests and stories. There are serious passages descriptive of the change in social habits and feelings during the century, and some excellent portraits of public men he has known. But we are so constituted as to feel keener gratitude for his eminently quotable stories, which will be extensively used as ammunition for dinner-table conversation for weeks to come. For Lord John Russell he had the highest admiration, and he gives a more human picture of him than any of the statesman's biographers. The old Whig was the best of hosts to an intimate circle, but he was sadly lacking in the art of social flattery.

Once [we learn], at a concert at Buckingham Palace, he was seen to get up suddenly, turn his back on the Duchess of Sutherland, by whom he had been sitting, walk to the remotest part of the room, and sit down by the Duchess of Inverness. When questioned afterwards as to the cause of his unceremonious move, which had the look of a quarrel, he said, "I could not have sate any longer by that great fire; I should have fainted."

"Oh, that was a very good reason for moving; but I hope you told the Duchess of Sutherland why you left her."

"Well—no. I don't think I did that. But I told the Duchess of Inverness why I came and sate by her."

Did ever anyone possess a finer sense of etiquette than the "Owld Marquis" of Abercorn, who, when he discovered that his wife meant to elope, "sent a message begging her to take the family coach, as it ought never to be said that Lady Abercorn left her husband's roof in a hack chaise?"

Among the oft-told stories of Sir William Harcourt's ready wit, this one deserves repetition. When old Sir Rainald Knightley was expatiating after dinner at great length on the glories of his pedigree, "Sir William was heard to say, in an appreciative aside, 'This reminds me of Addison's evening hymn—

'And Knightley to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of his birth.'"

The Disraeli collection is excellent. We shall get nothing so good when it pleases Lord Rowton to give us his master's biography. Yet there is no malice, only humour, in the picture of him at Hughenden: "He called his simple drawing-room saloon; he styled his pond the lake; he expatiated on the beauties of the terrace-walks, the 'Golden Gate,' and the 'German Forest.' His style of entertaining was more showy than comfortable. Nothing could excel the grandeur of his state-coach and powdered footmen; but when the ice at dessert came up melting, one of his friends exclaimed, 'At last, my dear Dizzy, we have got something hot'; and in the days when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer some critical guest remarked of the soup that it was apparently made with Deferred Stock."

The good stories are not all of exalted personages. Obscure folks have provided most of the "Verbal Infelicities." Among the happiest of these infelicities is that of the old woman who said of her favourite curate, "I do say that Mr. Woods is quite an angel in sheep's clothing." Another bright example is that of the minister called on too suddenly to officiate at Crathie in the presence of the Queen. He prayed loudly, "Grant that as she grows to be an old woman she may be made a new man, and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

The collection of epitaphs is curious and far from commonplace. The best, however, is not an actual inscription, but the one "suggested by the famous Lord Alvanley for a noble friend of his who had been expelled from Society for cheating at whist: 'Here lies Henry William, twenty-second Lord —, in joyful expectation of the Last Trump.'"

Mr. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action" (Smith, Elder) are sure to be popular. They are all about the things that interest people most at the moment—sport and golf and British prestige. Perhaps the only national enthusiasm of the day that is not celebrated is money-making. The omission of the Ballad of the Stock Exchange makes the book creditably incomplete. The verse is what most people have agreed to call wholesome and manly, and there is an undoubted vigour about some of it. I feel sure it will drive a good number of its readers out of doors to "kill something" or knock a ball about. It will provide words and rhythms to march or ride to when their heads are asleep after a long day in the open. And of most books of verse you can't say as much, though the honour may not be great that it shares with successful music-hall songs. But pluck and good-spirits are excellent things, better to rhyme about than cheap and insincere erotic themes, and to old huntsmen I have no doubt there is a well-spring of pure poetry in—

Now it's "Yoick!" among the heather,
And it's "Yoick!" across the clover,
And it's "To him, all together!"

"Hyke a Bertha! Hyke a Rover!"

And the woodlands smell so sweetly in the morning.

But there never seems any good reason for bringing his songs to an end, save want of breath. It would be a pity were Mr. Doyle to grow over-fastidious, and to try and voice more complicated things. o. o.

"SUE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photographs by Byron.

So many people have read Bret Harte's story, "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," that there seems little need to tell the story of "Sue," the three-act play adapted from it by the author and Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton. Moreover, it is certain that the quality of the story in this case arises entirely from the quality of the story-telling. Now, the dramatists have not been over-skilful in handling the tale of Sue's loveless marriage, of her fascination by a well-built acrobat, of her husband's jealousy about the wrong man and his attempt to murder him, and the ultimate reconciliation. Indeed, the merit of the play lies in some hardly essential studies of character, such as that of Mr. Silas Prescott, a "reeligious" man, who consults the parson because he is the only professional man who does not charge a fee, and

thinks that his statement will be accurate, since parsons have got to tell the truth in order to keep their job. He is a really comic study of humorous, brutal character, and is presented very cleverly by Mr. William Sampson. The part of Sue is entrusted to Miss Annie Russell, in whose honour the piece was produced at a matinée the other week, and put into the evening bill on Wednesday. She seizes her opportunity, and plays admirably, showing technical skill and no mean quality; in fact, she must be reckoned the finest actress that has taken part in the recent American invasion. Mr. J. Brennan plays amusingly as a laughter-loving Sheriff, and Mr. E. Morgan's picture of the husband is of merit. A Vigilance Committee, which conducts a burlesque lynching trial, is very funny.



Sue reluctantly accepts the hand of Ira Beasley, the rich farmer.



Sue's husband forgets their wedding-day and scorns her wayside flowers.

LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

Who drove France out of the disputed territory in West Africa? Not Mr. Chamberlain, says Mr. T. P. O'Connor; he wanted war instead of a treaty! But Mr. O'Connor is scarcely an impartial judge in cases where the Colonial Secretary is concerned. It was undoubtedly Lord Salisbury who conducted the negotiations with France. Such negotiations are in

took heroic measures—perhaps too heroic measures—to drive out the trespasser. He has not quite succeeded. The French have established a claim to tracts which Mr. Chamberlain regarded as his own, but in return for our recognition of their claim they have made an important trade concession. So our "Lord High Executioner" looks happier now. He wears his orchid and his eye-glass with a complacent air as he walks along the Terrace. Perhaps the old Tory members don't admire him so



"THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER."

the department of the Foreign Secretary, and the credit for the final give-and-take may be mainly due to him. Mr. Chamberlain's friends, however, claim that the Colonial Secretary stiffened Lord Salisbury's back, and, by his new diplomacy in public and his representations in private, insisted on our giving away nothing without compensation. Certainly Mr. Chamberlain is not the sort of man to make "graceful concessions," or to allow any foreign Power to encroach on his territory. The Niger territory being under his charge, and the French having strutted into it, this first-class fighting-man buckled on his armour and

much as lady visitors, yet most of them dissemble their dislike. He is a dangerous man to thwart, and he has an inconvenient memory for old scores. He may always be relied upon to have his tit-for-tat with the adversary who gives him a blow. Not an ideal figure, by any means, but one of the most picturesque of a sombre assembly! In every inch of him Mr. Chamberlain is a fighter. Municipal life and Parliament have supplied a training of which he has taken full advantage. He can hold his own with any politician, and his friends declare that thanks are due to him for our having been able to hold our own with France.

THE BURTON MANUSCRIPTS.

The much-talked-of Burton manuscripts have derived a fresh interest from the fact that a new volume, "The Jew, The Gypsy, and El Islam," has just been published. A representative of *The Sketch* asked Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is editing these manuscripts, and who wrote the Life of



MR. W. H. WILKINS.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

Lady Burton, the other day to give him some further information concerning them. Sir Richard Burton is very much in evidence in Mr. Wilkins's chambers in Piccadilly. A painting of him in Arab dress, as he went on his pilgrimage to Mecca, looks down from the wall over an original edition of "The Arabian Nights," his chibouque, his fez, and other relics of the famous Oriental traveller and his scarcely less famous wife.

"How comes it," I asked, "that so many of the Burton manuscripts are unpublished?"

"Sir Richard was a voluminous writer, and when he died, seven years ago, he left behind him no less than twenty manuscripts, some large and some small, in a more or less advanced stage of completion. He used to work at four or five different books at a time—in fact, took a

rest by turning from one book to another. But the great success of 'The Arabian Nights' led him for the last three years of his life to turn his attention to that phase of his literary work, to the exclusion of the rest. 'The Scented Garden,' for instance, at which he was working the day of his death, was a translation after the manner of 'The Arabian Nights.'"

"About that 'Scented Garden,'" said I; "is it true that there is a copy of Burton's translation still in existence?"

"It is absolutely false," answered Mr. Wilkins emphatically. "Lady Burton burned the only manuscript existing, and everything connected with it. I myself have been offered a spurious imitation—it is a fraud upon the public. Of course, there are other translations of 'The Scented Garden,' but not Sir Richard's, and, as the value of his version of what, after all, is a Persian poem of no great merit, lay in his copious notes on Arab erotology, which cannot be replaced, the spurious translations have no value at all. Indeed, some of his unpublished manuscripts are, to me, more interesting than the one destroyed."

"Are there many remaining?"

"Enough to form several more volumes. There are the 'Lyrics of Camoens'; a translation from the Hindustani of Pilpay's fables, after the manner of 'The Arabian Nights'; an ethnological study of the Akkas, the Pigmy race of Central Africa; some West African and Syrian travels, and a number of smaller things. Lady Burton left these manuscripts to her sister, Mrs. FitzGerald, and it is she who has entrusted them to me for the purpose of editing and preparing them for publication."

"No sinicure," I said, looking at the curious crabbed writing of a sheet of Burton manuscript which lay near.

"No, it is rather hieroglyphic, isn't it?—the despair of typewriters and printers. However, I can read it now quite easily, and the course I pursue is to dictate it literally to a shorthand-writer."

"Quite literally?"

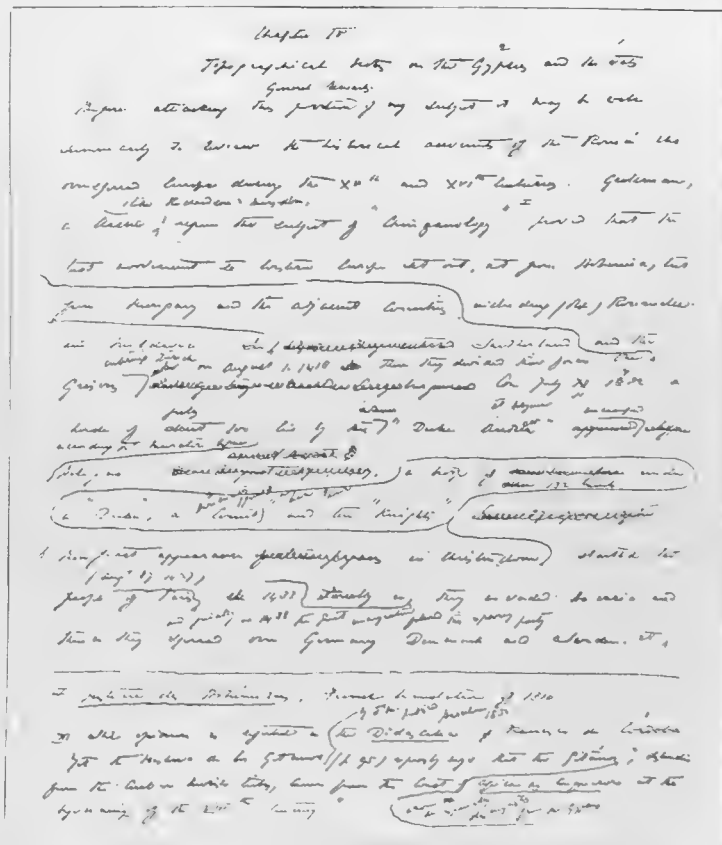
"Quite. I hold that no man has a right to tamper with another's work. Either publish it as it stands, or suppress it altogether. My object is to keep as closely to the original text as possible."

"THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND EL ISLAM."*

It is impossible to read any book by the late Sir Richard Burton without deep interest, for never did a man work harder to justify all he wrote; his experience was as varied as prolonged travels and great insight could make it, his pen was keen, his style trenchant. Unfortunately, his love for the bizarre led him into strange places to seek information; he would give credence to the irresponsible chatter of the lowest classes of Eastern peoples if he was well satisfied that they themselves believed what they told him. Moreover, nothing was too foul for him to analyse, no phase of human depravity disgusted him. He would dive to the unspeakable depths of Eastern erotic records and write copious notes upon all he found there. At first a traveller and writer upon matters of universal interest—witness the tale of journeys to Meccah and Al-Madinah—he found great profit in a translation of "The Arabian Nights," to which he added a comprehensive series of notes that made the whole work a *chef d'œuvre* in Holywell Street. By the time the book was being eagerly seized upon the author was a disappointed man; he could obtain no promotion in the Consular Service, at Damascus he fell into bad odour with the Home Government, and Tangiers, upon which his heart was set, never came to him. He had many great gifts, coupled with violent

prejudices; he did not realise his own shortcomings, and thought he was the victim of studied ill-treatment. So he devoted more time to annotating the gross "Scented Garden" of the Persian poet, knowing it would find a market, and revising "The Jew," which was held from publication so long as the author felt there was a chance, however remote, of promotion to Tangiers. When Sir Richard died, Lady Burton destroyed the notes and translation of the "Scented Garden," but left "The Jew," which is now published with two other studies, "The Gypsy and El Islam." Of the three studies, the one relating to the Gypsies is of distinct value in the domain of philology and folk-lore. For the followers of Mohammed, Burton had an admiration which it is easy to share, for the Jew he had a hatred that is not difficult to explain. When he was Consul at Damascus, Sir Richard lent a ready ear to the charge of ritual murder preferred against the Jews in the case of Padre Thomasso. The story is an old one. Suffice it to say that the charges against the Jews were procured by putting men to torture, and were afterwards proved false. Burton's attitude gave great offence to the fierce Damascus Jews, and he thought it had something to do with his recall. For this he never forgave them, and, by dint of conversing with the Anti-Semites of the bazaars and studying, at second-hand, writings which he attributed to imaginary fanatics of the Schools of Safed, he speedily established a case against the Israelites, and produced an essay worthy to rank with Drumont's "La France Juive" and Rohling's "Jew of the Talmud." He makes it quite clear why the Jews are persecuted—their masters of Safed taught them so many infamous precepts that the nations rebel. He seriously asks us to believe that the followers of Lueger, Drumont, Schonerer Régis, *et hoc genus omne*, persecute the Jews because of the imaginary teachings of the Safed Rabbis. (It should be mentioned that the Schools of Safed were founded by learned and harmless mystics who believed in the direct communication of God with man by emanation, metempsychosis, and other similar means. They gave strange occult meanings to Biblical passages and had a science of figure signification that can only be understood by the deepest study, but they were essentially and entirely harmless people with a high moral code.) One would wager that ninety-nine out of the hundred average Anti-Semites never heard of Safed, and that the odd man could not locate it. I am reminded of the story of the sailor who, after many years of evil-doing, found grace. He went to church and heard that the Jews had crucified Christ. Coming home he met a Jew and forthwith half-murdered him. A crowd assembled and released the sorely hurt "Son of the Covenant." What did you hit him for, Jack?" said a friend. "He killed Christ," replied the angry sailor. "That was nearly two thousand years ago," said his friend. "No matter," replied Jack, "I never heard of it till now."

In all seriousness, however, one must regret that Burton should have risked his reputation as a writer to satisfy his anger, or that his wife, who partly saved that reputation by putting one of his books into the fire, did not complete the good work by sending the other manuscript



SPECIMEN PAGE OF BURTON'S MANUSCRIPT OF "THE GYPSY."

after it. As a diplomat, he had no reputation to lose. Limits of space alone prevent me from showing several inaccuracies in his quotations in the essay on "The Jew," several cases where he has clearly misunderstood the tenor of the teachings he has denounced, and instances innumerable where he has put a construction upon precepts that history cannot justify.

S. L. B.

* "The Jew, The Gypsy, and El Islam." By Captain Sir Richard Burton. London: Hutchinson.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There are few things less fitted for House of Commons debate than religious or ecclesiastical matters, and the recent Benefices Bill has served to illustrate this fact, if its other results are not likely to be large. A discussion on Ritualism merely allowed Sir William Harcourt to show how very far he is from being a possible Premier, and permitted sundry victims to the "Jesuit plot" delusion to air their respective fixed ideas. But, still, the recrudescence of Ritualism deserves serious attention, though not from so awkward and Philistine a body as the House of Commons. It is not the outcome of a deep-laid plot, nor is it at all likely to lead the nation Romewards; but it is by way of becoming a nuisance of considerable extent, by allowing some fools to play at martyrs and other fools to brawl in church, and by disgusting a good many average sensible people with the religious services they generally attend.

Ritualism is not Romanism, nor likely to develop into it in many cases. The Ritualist is to the real Roman Catholic as "temperance drinks" to beer and wine, or vegetarian dishes to meat. He wants to get all the mystical doctrines and sensuous and sentimental aids to devotion that the Roman Church tolerates or favours without the central notion of Papal supremacy. So, too, the temperance enthusiast seeks excitement and exhilaration in tea and zoedone, or anything that has not alcohol, and the vegetarian tortures beans and lentils into bad imitations of beef and mutton. At most a Ritualistic priest is a finger-post on the road to Rome; he points thither, but he does not go himself. For if he went he would cease to be conspicuous, and conspicuousness is necessary to the nature of Ritualist and finger-post alike. So is woodenness.

A Ritualist going over to Rome becomes a nobody, a mere part of a huge machine. What was, or seemed to him to be, reckless rebellion becomes daily routine. His acts of adoration, his vestments and special services, and incense and genuflections, are all prescribed, not proscribed. And if he tries to invent something new in that line, he is either obscurely permitted or quietly suppressed. He is helpless in the hands of men of the world, wise with long experience and traditional tact. He will either drift back to his old Church, much less "High" than before, or submit to be the nonentity for which his intellectual gifts commonly qualify him. Perhaps he may send some of his hearers over to Rome, even as an inferior imitation awakens a taste for the genuine article; but he is not likely to go himself, and, if he does, Rome will take little pains to get him or keep him. Rome has quite as many of him as she wants already.

There are two great reasons why Englishmen do not care, as a rule, to belong to the Church of Rome. They are required to believe too much, and the Church wants to do too much for them. The British mind, aggressively individualistic and self-reliant, resents being called upon to absorb a large number of propositions which are not proved and appear improbable; it resents still more being told just what to do and how to do it by a man in a black gown and a shovel-hat. Habitual confession appears to the British individual as a superfluous and possibly offensive prying into his private affairs. The foreign character and seat of the central organisation of the Roman Church also jars on him—and did so long before the Reformation. All our best and strongest kings had difficulties with the Papacy, not on doctrine, for they were very orthodox, but on money matters and points of Church government.

It is hardly likely that where Rome failed, Ritualism will triumph. And here one must distinguish between "High Church" so called and Ritualism. A High Churchman is one who holds an exalted idea of the position of the priesthood and the duties and dignities of the Church, and also has leanings towards a more elaborate and ornate ritual; but he subordinates the details of services to the general interests of the Church, and will commonly sacrifice the non-essential to preserve union and avoid scandal. The vestments and ornaments are to his mind valuable not in themselves, but in setting forth the majesty and unbroken tradition of the Church as he conceives it. So, if certain details cause offence rather than edification, he is ready to drop them. The Ritualist goes further. He is really a Nonconformist sailing under false colours. He defies or evades the Bishop's prohibitions and scouts his advice. He glories in the fact that his practices offend Protestant feeling. He does not believe that any power exists that has a right to stop him from doing what he likes in his church; and if he can find an audience of his own way of thinking, he will face a world in arms rather than give up a candle or a wave of a censer. And this is a right and proper attitude for a Congregationalist. But then he is not a Congregationalist. He invests himself with all the majesty and authority of the Church, while rejecting the claim of any actual organisation in that Church to say to him what he shall or shall not do. He demands confessions, and, as far as his own Church is concerned, does not know what to do with them when he has got them. He uses new liturgies, and there is nobody but himself to say what he is to try. He borrows, as a matter of fact, from the Greek or Roman Church; but he could just as well import the methods of a negro camp-meeting. These are the forms of a Church, but not of *his* Church. He borrows certain things from the Latin Church and rejects others. Why? Because he chooses. Is not this the extreme of private judgment?

Reduced to its essence, Ritualism is simple enough. Most men have a wish to help and teach others, and most men have a desire to

"show off" and be conspicuous. Most ministers and priests are urged by both instincts, for only the very highest and best of men are so possessed by their mission that they do not need a dose of healthy human vanity to keep them from feeling disheartened and ridiculous at times. If the wish to "show off" is very great, it may bring its possessor to the centre of the stage, with his congregation in the stalls. If it predominates over the religious spirit, without obscuring it, we have the Ritualist. The cleric likes to put on rich cope and alb and stole and what not, just as the comedian delights to dress and make up for a costume-part, and the audiences often like to see them both in the unfamiliar and impressive garb. The histrionic taste is common to nearly all children, and to very many adults. If they like to keep up private theatres and chapels to gratify it, let them.

But the parish church is in theory, and partly in practice, a public edifice. All parishioners, in theory, attend its services and may join in communion there; all are enjoined as a religious duty to go there, and to remain reverently during the services. This being the case, in theory, it is obvious that the public building must not be used for private or congregational experiments. A member of the Church of England ought to be able to find himself at home in any and every place of worship belonging to that Church. There may be, and, indeed, should be, a certain latitude of ritual; the hymn-books may vary, there may be a surpliced choir or an ordinary body of vocal volunteers, and the ornaments of the edifice may be "High" or "Low" in character. But still, no man ought to come in to a service and find himself taking part in a form of worship not in his Prayer-Book and obnoxious to his religious feelings. If the Rector or Vicar wants to commemorate the Abduction of St. Polypragmosyne by a special form, let him do so in his own back-yard.

The visitor to a theatre knows pretty well what he will see there; he has paid his money to see particular people in a particular piece. If he does not like it, he can go out without any scandal. The visitor to a church has presumably paid to support an institution, an organisation of which the occupant of the pulpit is an officer. He goes there to take part in religious observances according to a certain form which is common to all churches of that organisation. Is it honest to spring on him something he does not expect, probably does not like, and yet cannot well escape from?

MARMITON.

A CHAMPION COLLIE.

Mr. A. H. Megson, who is known throughout the doggy world as the owner of Ormskirk Emerald and Southport Perfection (two of the most beautiful as they are the most costly collies in the world), brought out at the Birmingham Dog Show a promising young one, who bids fair



MR. A. H. MEGSON.

to equal her kennel companions in fame and beauty. This is Primus, by Heather Squire out of Doon Snowball (breeder, Mr. George Johnston), who on Feb. 2 attained the age of one year, and who, at this important show (when only ten months old), carried all before her.

THE UNDERGRADUATE COMES TO TOWN.

THE CRICKET MATCH.

SCENE: Lord's Cricket Ground. First day of the University Match. Unreserved seats full, reserved seats filling. First bell rings.

KNOW-ALL (*in unreserved seats, to friend*). Ah! Oxford are in the field, I see. They've won the toss, and put Cambridge in. Bowlers? Let me see—this end, Foster, or Fane, I should say; can't quite see yet. Ah, here come the batsmen—Jessop, I see, and either Stogdon or Taylor; they are so much alike.

CHOLLIE (*producing inexpensive cigar*). Wy didenjer bring Ida, 'Arry? 'ARRY (*same business*). 'Oo? Me? Wojjertikemefor? Ida's orl right, but she don't know a cricket-bat from a 'am-bone—strite! 'Ere, I took 'er darn to the Oval onst, and I 'ad to tell 'er ter stop jor-jorin' awye 'arf the blessed dye. Sickenin'—nor she never see no gyme at all!

(*Loud applause; BURNUP retires.*)

KNOW-ALL. Ah, he's out—Stogdon's out. I thought so, letting out at those off balls. Now he's done it!

YOUNG CURATE (*behind, proffering information*). Excuse me, that's not Stogdon; it's Burnup. And he was clean bowled, not caught. Stogdon hasn't come in yet.

KNOW-ALL (*coldly*). Oh! Tha—anks. (*To his friend.*) Ah, here come the cards; now we'll see who's right.

BOY. Cordothmetch! Cord! C'rec' cord?

[*Chorus: "Heah!" "This wye!" "Urry up!" &c.*]

KNOW-ALL. Yes—that fellow was right, after all. It was Burnup. And—what a very curious thing! I must have been wrong about the bowlers too, I fancy. You see, they are all so much alike in those dark-blue caps.

FRIEND (*blandly*). Yes; they should all wear different colours, like jockeys.

UMPIRE. N'bawl!

[OXFORD FRESHMAN *wriggles*.

UMPIRE (*shortly after*). N'bawl!

OXFORD FRESHMAN. Huh! Didn't look like it from here, I must say.

UMPIRE (*again*). N'bawl!

OXFORD FRESHMAN. Oh, I say, what beastly tommy-rot! Any fool could see that wasn't a no-ball.

CHOLLIE (*tickled*). 'E's callin' 'isself a fool, 'Arry.

'ARRY. Well, 'e knows best, don't 'e? (*Suddenly.*) 'Ere, I call this tyme—very tyme! Seem afride ter 'it out. Nuthin' in the bowlin' either, as I can see.

GUSHING YOUNG THING (*in light-blue adornments*). And—as—I—was—saying—poor—Edward—seemed—very—much—impressed—with me—we—had—such—a—jolly—time—you'd—never—believe—father was—in—such—good—form—too—I—wish—it—were—coming—again what—a—poor—year—for—strawberries—I—do—not—like—that—hat I—must—say—it—looks—cheap—someone—out—I—suppose—and—as I—was—saying—pet—you—can—get—costumes—cheap—at—Peter.

OLD GENT (*in front of her, soliloquially*). Da——! (*Glares round through his glasses.*)

(*The players adjourn for lunch. Promenade. First bell rings harmlessly; nobody thinks of stirring. Second bell.*)

CHORUS OF POLICEMEN. Horf the ground, please. Take your seats, if you please.

CHORUS OF SPECTATORS IN UNRESERVED SEATS (*for once backing up the law*). 'Ere, carnjer 'ear? Horf the ground! (*Bishop and two ladies continue talking.*) Hi, there, old tin-ribs! Tyke the lydies 'ome! Where's yer boike? &c

'ARRY (*seeing his chance*). 'Ush! 'E's Grice, 'e is! 'E's umpire to-dye!

CHOLLIE. Arst 'im where 'e got 'is 'at, 'Arry.

'ARRY (*fortissimo*). Werjerget-that-'at, hey? (*Bishop walks away.*) Ah, I thought that 'ud fetch him!

MAXIME. Qu'ils sont bêtes, ces Anglais. Ça ne doit pas être difficile, de frapper le bal avec la batte. Dame! Je n'admire point le criquette.

FERNAND. Moi non plus. Je préfère le croquet.

MAXIME. Dis donc, Fernand—elle est jolie, hein, la petite à droite qui mange des fraises? Je voudrais bien . . .

FERNAND. Mais tais-toi, mon cher . . . voilà son frère qui le fixe . . .

MAXIME. Oui, tu as raison. . . Il faut bien prendre garde en Angleterre.

SWEET YOUNG THING (*in dark blue*). Oh dear! There's that horrid man hit another four! Why—I do declare, if there isn't another! I wish they would get him out!

CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN (*enthusiastically*). Oh, good old Taylor! (*In tones of undying affection.*) Good old T. L.! W-c-ell hitsir!

OXFORD FRESHMAN. Huh! it was a chance, I thought. Anyone could make runs on such a wicket—wait till we get in! O-oh, well caught, old Fane-ioni! Wha-a-t! Bump ball? NOT OUT! Well, I'm—I never saw such an umpire!

CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN (*to his friend*). Curious how these novices mistake those things for catches!

'ARRY (*about 4 p.m.*). 'Ulllo! Rynin'! 'Ere, I'm orf, Chollie. Kummerlong—'ook it! Come an 'ave a moistener.

CHOLLIE. 'Oo? Me? Wotto! will a duck swim? [*Exeunt.*]

THE SPORTS.

The 'Varsities decided which were the best sportsmen on Wednesday at the Queen's Club, West Kensington. By an unexplained caprice, the day turned out fine, and so was the audience, especially the feminine part of it. Oxford won very easily, winning seven out of nine events.



THE FINISH OF THE MILE FLAT RACE: A. L. DANSON WINS BY SIX INCHES.

Indeed, when the first five had been decided, interest seemed to die out, for Cambridge were then already beaten, Oxford capturing all these events. The most exciting races of the day were the mile, quarter-mile, and hurdles. The mile ended in a somewhat unexpected but dashing win for the Oxford first string, while in the quarter the two Cantab representatives dead-heated. In the hurdles the finish was so close that inches only was the verdict. In the hammer-throwing a surprise awaited spectators, the Cambridge second string winning very easily.

If you are keenly interested in records, you will read the results of the different competitions, as follow—

High Jump.—H. S. Adair, Oriel College, Oxford, 5 ft. 9 in.

Putting the Weight.—F. E. Snowball, Queen's College, Oxford, 37 ft. 4 in.

Hundred Yards.—C. R. Thomas, Jesus College, Oxford.

One Mile.—A. L. Danson, Balliol College, Oxford, 1; A. Hunter, Trinity College, Cambridge, 2; H. E. Graham, Jesus College, Cambridge, 3; H. F. Deakin, Oriel College, Oxford, 0; and C. H. Carleton, Brasenose College, Oxford, 0. The two Cambridge representatives made pace for the first lap (three laps to the mile), but the others kept close up. Entering the last lap, Hunter was in front, and soon increased his lead. It looked as if he was going to win easily, but in the last fifty yards he tired, and Danson, running with great spirit, won on the post by a few inches. Time, 4 min. 25½ sec.

Hurdle Race.—E. T. Garnier, Oriel College, Oxford. Time, 16½ sec.

Long Jump.—G. C. Vassall, Oriel College, Oxford. 22 ft. 5½ in.

Throwing the Hammer.—L. O. T. Baines, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, 102 ft. 7 in.; 1: P. P. Crossley, Trinity College, Oxford, 98 ft. 10 in.; 2.

Quarter-Mile.—F. L. Carter, Caius College, Cambridge, and C. G. Davison, Sidney College, Cambridge, a dead-heat; A. M. Hollins, Hertford College, Oxford, 3; and H. G. Robertson, University College, Oxford, 4. Carter rushed off at the start, and soon had a six yards' lead, but he came back to Davison. They raced neck and neck to the tape, and dead-heated; Hollins was five yards behind, with Robertson beaten off. Time, 50½ sec.

Three Miles.—J. M. Fremantle, Hertford College, Oxford, won by 140 yards in 15 min. 34 sec.

The annual dinner in connection with the sports was held in the evening at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. W. H. Grenfell was in the chair.



G. C. VASSALL, OXFORD, WINNING THE LONG JUMP.

Photographs by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

The opera is well within sight of the end. The most notable feature of the past week was the performance of "Roméo et Juliette" at Windsor, when the Queen had the opportunity of seeing the new tenor, M. Saléza,



M. H. SALEZA OF THE OPERA.

Photo by Messy, Nice.

who has created a furore this season. Born and bred at Bruges, he is only thirty. In September 1886 he entered the Paris Conservatoire, and in June 1888 he graduated thence with the first prize for singing and also for grand opera. He was then engaged for the Paris Opera House, but his professors thought him too young, and persuaded him to accept an engagement at the Opéra Comique, where he created and made his début as Mylio in "Les Rois d'Ys." In May 1892 he went to the Grand Opéra and sang with great distinction leading parts in "Otello," "Le Cid," "Sigurd," "Walküre," and "Roméo et Juliette," and since that time he has sung almost every rôle in both the old and new operatic répertoires, and made a great success as Don José in "Carmen."

Madame Bernhardt's second novelty, "Le Journal d'un Jeune

Homme Pauvre," certainly was one of the most popular of French novels, and its author, Octave Feuillet, at one time occupied a splendid position as dramatist as well as novelist. Perhaps his "Julie," given the other evening at the Lyric Theatre, rather surprised those who were not carried away from the region of criticism by the superb acting of Madame Bernhardt, seeing that, in order to prove that it is unwise for a married man to be notoriously unfaithful to his wife, the author produces a ruined home, the death of a woman with a lie on her lips, and causes the curtain to fall on the husband's remark to his wife's innocent lover that he will kill him. However, the pièce has some stagey effectiveness, clever lines, and, above all, gives a fine acting character to Madame Bernhardt. To have played in one evening two such exhausting parts as Césarine, in "La Femme de Claude," and "Julie" superbly and without showing signs of fatigue is the most amazing *tour de force* within the recollection of most playgoers; as an effort of memory, seeing how long are the parts, it is remarkable; as a feat of physical and nervous endurance, quite amazing. "Julie" may be unsound from several points of view, but it serves so well as a medium for the actress that it is to be hoped we shall see it again, and yet that far finer play, "Le Supplice d'une Femme," would be preferable. The company worked admirably, great praise being due to Mdlle. Berthilde and MM. Brémont and Calmettes.

I was present at the New Imperial Theatre the other afternoon at a so-called "copyright" performance of "The Three Musketeers,"



MR. FRANK BOOR.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

a new Dumas dramatisation, made by Mr. W. Heron Brown, and "written round" a celebrated and beautiful Australian mare called "Wiapera," which has often figured as Bonny Black Bess to the Dick Turpin of her owner, Mr. Frank Gerald, the d'Artagnan of this copyright performance. The exciting "incidentals" of the show were provided by "Wiapera," who objected to saving the half-suffocated heroine by kicking open the door of the house, and gave Mr. Gerald a warm time of it. I must hasten to add that otherwise she rescued the wounded Athos, and carried about the bold Gascon with lamb-like gentleness.

Mr. Frank Boor, who used to sing in "The Geisha," gave a concert at the Salle Erard last week, at which he got his old colleagues, including Miss Marie

Tempest, Miss Letty Lind, and Mr. Huntley Wright, to help him. Mr. Boor himself introduced a couple of new and pretty songs by Miss Frances Allitsen, "Oh! like a Queen" and "Won!" The composer accompanied. Miss Helen Mar recited an American piece, and Miss Helen Pettican, Mr. Farkoa, Mr. Brockbank, and Mr. Richard Green also contributed to the programme. Mr. W. H. Squire played some violoncello solos.

THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

The theatrical event of the week is the production by M. Coquelin of M. Edmond Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Lyceum. Pending a review of the play, a sketch of the author may be given. M. Rostand began his career at the age of twenty-three, when his three-act comedy, "Les Romanesques," was accepted (in 1891) by the Comédie Française, though it was not performed till 1894. A four-act play, "La Princesse Loiraine," brought out at the Renaissance Theatre (and played in London by Sarah), was only a *demi-succès*, though it pleased the critics by its wealth of poetic fancy. M. Rostand's next work, "La Samaritaine," also produced by Madame Bernhardt at the Renaissance Théâtre, and recently revived there, revealed a new phase of his talent. It is a poetical paraphrase of the story of Christ and the woman of Samaria.

Born at Marseilles in 1868, M. Rostand is the son of M. Eugène Rostand, a well-known writer on political economy. He was married at the age of twenty-one to a charming and accomplished lady, herself a poet of no mean attainments. He has a considerable private fortune and is rapidly making another out of "Cyrano," the French provincial rights alone having brought him in £4000. In person he is slightly above the middle height, and somewhat thin, has the activity of movement suggesting an expert fencer, speaks rapidly and with an almost Southern exuberance of gesture. In spite of the remarkable



M. ROSTAND: HE WROTE "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

Photo by Nadar, Paris.

success he has achieved, M. Rostand is one of the most unassuming of men. His house in the Rue Alphonse de Neuville, within a stone's throw of the north-western boundary of Paris, bespeaks taste and simplicity. One would naturally expect to find books occupying a prominent place in the home of a man of letters, but in this case they are noticeably scarce. M. Rostand does not believe in study—that is to say, after the mind is formed. He works in a simply furnished second-floor back-room—a literary workshop with scarcely any tools of the craft in evidence. In the matter of pictures he possesses little except a pair of very fine pastel portraits of distant relatives by the English artist Russell; a small landscape by Linnell, and a "Ruth and Boaz" by Fragonard.

In discussing "Cyrano" with the writer, M. Rostand attributed its success primarily to its essentially French characteristics. "There is a fund of romance at the bottom of our nature," he said. "We love the lordly spirit that disdains compromises and sacrifices everything to a fine idea. Cyrano's chivalry and self-sacrifice appeal strongly to the French public, as I believe they will to other nations, and especially to the Spaniards, whose romantic temperament is akin to our own. I think the reception of the play in England will depend very largely upon the translator, or rather, the adapter. There are many points which defy translation and will have to be rendered in an entirely different way. Probably the solution will be found in a somewhat free adaptation in the style of Shakspeare's time." Apropos of Shakspeare, M. Rostand added, "Nothing makes me regret my ignorance of English so much as my inability to read your great poet in the original. I adore Shakspeare."

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up : Wednesday, July 6, 9.16; Thursday, 9.16; Friday, 9.15; Saturday, 9.15; Sunday, 9.14; Monday, 9.13; Tuesday, 9.12

A week or two ago I made allusion in these notes to a lady who had been completely cured of religious mania by undergoing what may be termed a severe course of cycling, and I referred to the fact that any form of occupation which distracts the attention of a person mentally afflicted must prove beneficial in the long run. I read now that at the annual general meeting of the managers of the Montrose Royal Lunatic Asylum Dr. Havlock remarked that cycling was believed to have a beneficial effect in the early stages of some forms of mental disorder, and that he himself had known several cases in which it had hastened convalescence and established a sound recovery. "Cycling," he added, "seems to distract the mind from the morbid trains of thought and intense self-absorption in such cases more effectually, perhaps, than any other kind of recreation available." Persons of weak intellect please note.

The *Hub* this week mentions an excellent and infallible way of discovering whether the sheets of a bed are damp. I say "excellent and infallible" advisedly, for the test is one that I have often employed and have never known to fail: "Lay a watch between the sheets. If any mist or film appears on the glass it is dangerous to turn in, unless the sheets are removed and the blankets alone be used. A dry tumbler will serve the same purpose as a watch-glass for this infallible test." All tourists should bear this test in mind.

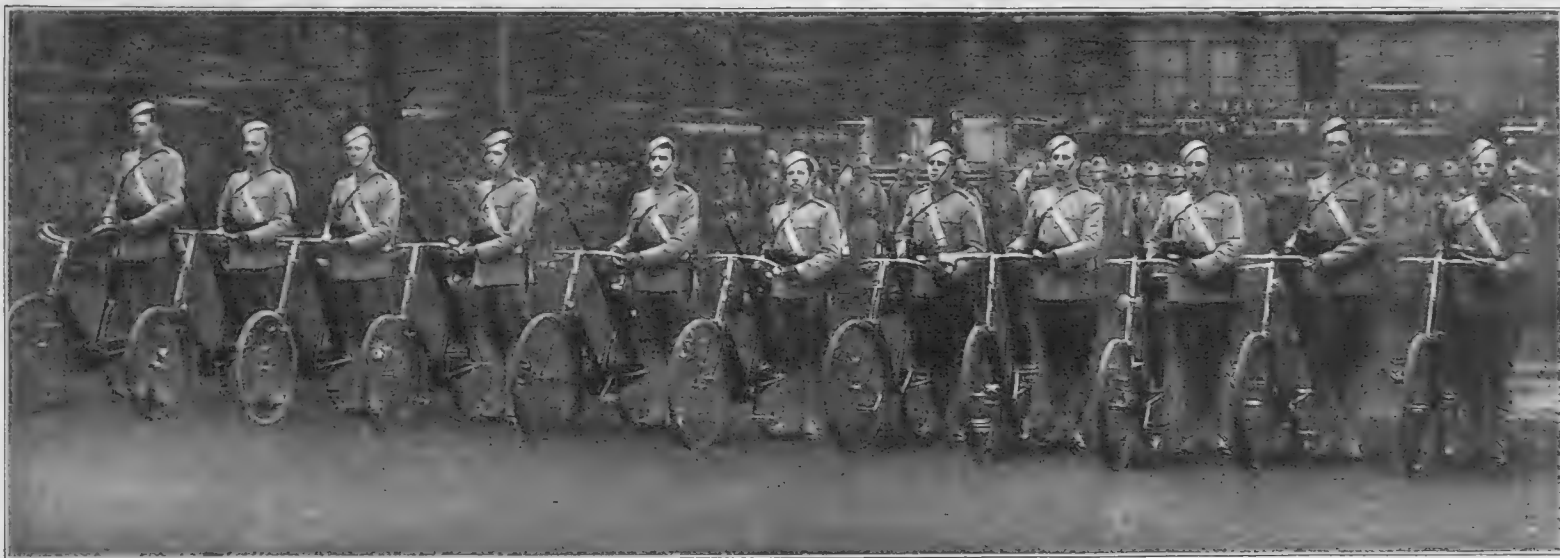
The number of puns perpetrated since the beginning of the Cycle at Covent Garden is truly pitiable, and leads to the belief that some of my cycling contemporaries are striving to emulate the pernicious example set

Wet and greasy roads, whether occasioned by the gentle rain from heaven or the artificial deluge of the water-cart, have been the cause of many a nasty spill. But there is danger to the cyclist also from the opposite extreme, a dusty road. The other day, a gentleman who was riding in Swaledale, Yorkshire, encountered a dust-storm so blinding that he collided with a market-cart and seriously injured his head, knocked out several teeth, and broke an arm and a wrist. His companions declared that they were completely blinded by the dense cloud that enveloped them. If this sort of thing is to become of frequent occurrence in this abnormal summer, we may expect to see parties of dismounted cyclists crouching by the roadside while the storm passes over, after the manner of a caravan in the Sahara when overtaken by a sandstorm.

I see the announcement of a new London periodical to be devoted exclusively to that momentous question of "culotte," which is supposed to be of absorbing interest to the lady cyclist. The title is the *Bloomer Gazette*. If it is to contain a "Poets' Corner," possibly the following lines may find a place there—

When Rose for calling is arrayed
In modish gown and nodding plume,
She's such a bonny, winsome maid,
I call her then my "Rose in bloom."
But when upon her bike she spins,
Merry and in the best of humours,
My admiration then she wins—
I call her then my "Rose in Bloomers."

On the subject of rational dress the ladies are not, it seems, to have a monopoly. The "mere man" claims his right to adopt a garb which he regards as "rational." A weird figure was seen one day recently hurrying along Ludgate Hill, somewhat scantily clad in a vesture of dark-brown



CYCLE CORPS OF THE INNS OF COURT VOLUNTEERS.

by *Punch*. As a set-off to these abortive attempts at being funny, Mr. A. L. Humphreys, in his "Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow," published a humorous skit, from which I extract the following passage—

Q. And the great Wagnerian cycle—is that a good one?
A. It is considered magnificent.
Q. Dunlop tyres, I suppose?
A. Yes. If he is not musical, he certainly does.
Q. What do you mean?
A. What do you mean?
Q. I mean, is the Wagnerian cycle fitted with Dunlop tyres?
A. Idiot! The Wagnerian Cycle is a set of four operas dealing with the Nibelungs.

The imagination of the modern inventor is boundless. A cycling enthusiast has just come all the way from the Isle of Man to London Town in order to exhibit what he terms the latest development in the modern cycle. Certainly it is a development which in this hot weather should appeal to thirsty riders, for the invention is nothing more or less than a bicycle heavily charged with whisky in one tube and brandy in another. These spirits may be drawn off by means of taps screwed into the extremity of each of two tubes, and I ventured to suggest to the inventor that he should still further improve his bicycle by loading the third tube with beef-lozenges and pumping port wine into the tyres. Instead of thanking me for the hint, however, he merely turned savagely upon his heel and left the office in a pet. Moral: Never smile upon a cycling enthusiast of inventive tendencies.

The "standing still" competition at the Gymkhana at the Queen's Club last month, when Miss Cotterell and Miss Nelson succeeded in balancing themselves for over half-an-hour, though a marvellous feat, must have been felt to become somewhat monotonous by the spectators. I would suggest that in future Gymkhanas the emulation of St. Simeon Stylites be the first item on the programme, so that the competitors may have an opportunity of balancing themselves as long as they please while the remaining events are being competed for. What excellent practice this must be for posing in *tableaux vivants*!

serge, gathered at the waist with a hempen girdle; his legs were bare, and only a pair of rudely fashioned sandals protected his feet. On being questioned as to his attire, he explained that he was not walking for a wager, but belonged to a rational-dress reform society.

A humorous incident occurred in one of the Midland counties lately. An old gentleman whose principal form of exercise consists in running to obesity happened one afternoon to develop a taste for cycling. Having hired a machine at the local blacksmith's, he set out upon his erratic course, but before he had gone very far some dozens of village urchins were jeering and howling in his track, and presently they began to throw stones at him. This was more than the old man could endure. For several minutes he kept a sharp eye upon the ribald youths, then, seizing his opportunity, he almost flung himself from his machine on to a boy of rather larger growth than his companions, who had imprudently come too near. The boy yelped and struggled, but the old man was pitiless. Grasping his victim firmly by the collar, he deliberately laid him across his knee, then, producing a pocket-knife, he slowly opened it and proceeded to remove, with the dexterity of a Shylock, not a pound of flesh, but the entire seat of the youth's nether garment. Then he let him go. In a moment the remainder of the herd of boys were in full cry after their unlucky and blubbering companion, and the old man, chuckling to himself, ended his ride without being again molested.

The question is so often asked, "How long is a German mile in proportion to an English mile?"—or, it may be, an Austrian mile, or a French mile, or a Russian mile, by comparison with an English mile—that I have made out the following for the benefit of my readers—

England (statute mile) and America (mile), 1760 yards; France and Belgium (kilomètre), and Holland (legal mile), 1094 yards; Russia (verst), 1167 yards; Germany (long), 10,126 yards; Germany (mile, metric), 1640 yards; Austria (mile, post), 8297 yards; Denmark (mile), 8238 yards; Sweden (mile), 11,690 yards; Norway (mile), 12,182 yards; Spain (mile), 1522 yards; Portugal (mile), 2250 yards; Switzerland (mile), 8548 yards; Italy (mile), 2025 yards; Saxony (post mile), 7432 yards; Scotland (old), 1977 yards; India (Bengal mile), 2000 yards; Ireland (old), 2240 yards.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Jockey Club is evidently bent on reform, and I think the present an opportune moment for the Turf Senate to adopt a suggestion, made by the Earl of Cadogan many years ago, to the effect that all horses entered in selling races should be liable to be claimed before the race as well as after. This rule has been adopted in France, and, I believe, works well. If it were in force in England, we should no longer see horses worth



SANDIA.

£500 entered in races to be sold for £50. I am afraid Clerks of Courses would object, as the racing fund would suffer. At the same time, I think the reform would be welcomed by little men who race for sport.

Many sportsmen of the old school will be sorry to hear that the Stockbridge Meeting comes to an end this week. I think, however, the time-worn fixture had outlived its reputation, and of late years the racing seen on the famous Danebury Downs had not been of a very high order. It is to be hoped that efforts will be made to put more life into the Bath and Salisbury Meetings, otherwise racing will soon be unknown in the South-West of England. The course at Salisbury is one of the best in the country, and it only wants bigger prizes offered to attract better-class horses to the fixture. Perhaps the Bibury Club will originate one or two good handicaps. In any case, I hope they will fight shy of biennials and triennials.

Sandia created something like a record by winning twice in the one day at Ascot. After winning the Thirty-Fifth Triennial, Sandia was brought out two hours later, when he finished a good second to Eager for the Rous Memorial Stakes. Sandia is a useful gelding. He is by Sailor Prince—Saluda, and was bred in America. Sportsmen on this side are not likely to forget the victory of Sailor Prince in the Cambridgeshire, when he beat St. Mirin by a head, White riding the winner and Archer the second. Sandia is one of the most successful horses trained by Huggins for Mr. Lorillard. Last year he won five races out of eight. The mud-bath evidently answers well with this animal.

It is somewhat disappointing to the Liverpool executive to get such a poor acceptance for the Liverpool Cup, and the field, in any case, is not likely to number more than eight. Knight of the Thistle may be kept for a later engagement, but, if the horse runs at Aintree, he is sure to have a following, as he is going well in his work. Brayhead, too, likes the course, and a great many people would be glad to see this horse win, as Mrs. Langtry has met with cruel luck this season. Students of the book are not likely to overlook the big chance possessed by Bonny Winkfield, who ran only twice as a two-year-old, winning each time, and the last occasion, by-the-bye, was for the Aintree Feather Plate, which was run over the same course as the Liverpool Cup. The colt is well bred, by Winkfield—Bonny Isabel, and we know the Winkfields are both strong and go fast.

Just now the pretty course at Lingfield is looking its best, and the roses which clamber up the walls of the Members' Stand, and in which Mr. Fowler takes such pride, are in full bloom. Improvements can be noted everywhere; the new stand at the extreme end of the Members' enclosure, from which every incident in a race on the straight mile can be viewed, now possesses a charmingly furnished and decorated ladies' boudoir, where the fair sex can retire to make up their books or perhaps take a whiff at a cigarette, unobserved by mere man. In this same stand, also, should the weather be bad, there is perfect shelter, as all the races can be viewed from behind spacious plate-glass windows, which are easily removable in fine weather.

Owing to the rapidly increasing number of entries for future fixtures at Lingfield, fresh stabling is being provided, as even eighty boxes have

been found insufficient accommodation for all the competitors who are expected to arrive at the pretty racecourse on Friday and Saturday, when it is hoped that the Prince of Wales, whose two-year-old Eventail is in the Great Foal Plate, will be present.

Just now much attention is being paid on all racecourses to increased accommodation in Tattersall's Ring, and Lingfield Park has followed the example of Ascot and given the fielders more room in which to practise their vocation. When the leading layers, Messrs. Fry, Goodson, Dick Dunn and Co., and their "genteel peneillers" arrive at their pitches at Lingfield, they will probably be surprised at the ingenuity of Mr. Fowler in the new arrangement of the rails dividing Tattersall's from the Members' enclosures.

We all know that the Jockey Club declines to take any notice of betting, while reserving to itself the right to warn defaulters off Newmarket Heath. I think, however, that our handicappers should be influenced more or less by the market when framing the weights. I will give an illustration of what I mean. If, say, a horse runs last for an all-aged plate after being backed at even money, I consider that he ought not to be let down in the scale in future handicaps through that performance, which might have been, and very likely was, a fluky one. I think in all those cases where a horse is well backed and runs badly he should be treated for future handicaps on his previous form. CAPTAIN COE.

TWO BOOKS ON SPORT.

I doubt if any man has ever told a story against himself with better grace than Mr. E. Spencer Mott, known to readers of the *Sporting Times* as "Nathaniel Gubbins." His "Mingled Yarn" (Arnold) is a book one reads with mingled feelings. Up to a certain point his career was by no means remarkable. The son of a country gentleman, he was educated at Eton, and passed through Sandhurst into the Army. After five years' soldiering in India, he gave it up in disgust, and began to look out for something else to do. He touched the very bottom before he found it, having learned what manner of bed the Embankment provides on a summer night. His most astounding achievement was as a soldier. He practically deserted for seven months, and by some miracle of leniency was not tried by court-martial and cashiered. Want of common sense was his undoing, and native wit his redemption, for his career proves an exception to the rule that, when a man of decent birth goes under, he stays under.

Mr. E. N. Buxton's second volume of "Short Stalks," that is, holiday trips in search of sport (E. Stanford), is one of the most amusing books of the kind I have read for a long time. Mr. Buxton does not take himself too seriously, and he takes the liveliest interest in the peoples with whom his travels bring him in contact; also, he possesses keen sense of humour and a nimble pen. The "stalk" that offers most of novelty and interest at the present time is the one made in the mountains of Crete; from the shooting point of view it was a comprehensive failure, but the fact takes little from the value of a peculiarly vivid picture of the Cretan peasantry and their country. There is something so youthful and breezy about Mr. Buxton's style, and not less about his physical achievements, that one is positively staggered by the discovery, made late in the book, that the gentleman who has been dragging us up arid mountain-ranges under an Egyptian sun, crawling through the underwood of Carpathian forests, and braving the lofty snows of Daghestan in late autumn, is fifty-seven years of age. He is certainly a delightful travelling-companion.

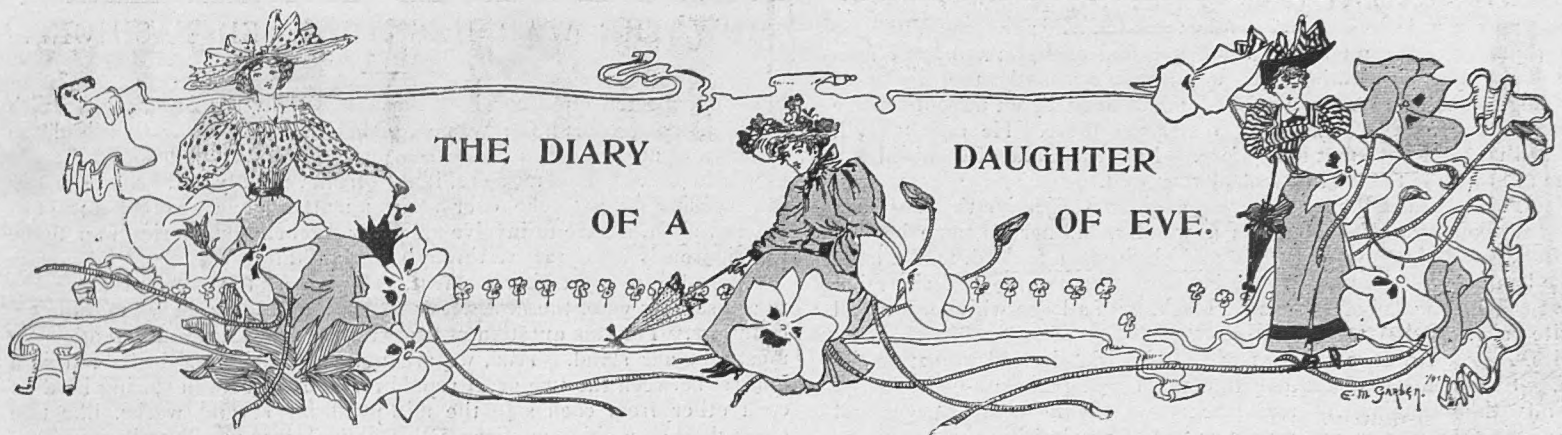
CRICKET.

The *Illustrated London News* cricket team went down to St. Albans on June 25, only, however, to be beaten by 21 by Orford Smith, Limited.



THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN THE CRICKET FIELD.

Photo by Mr. Jenkins.



Monday.—There is a new recruit to the ranks of the army of dress-makers in London—I do not think I ought to allude to them as in the ranks; they are in the first file—Louise and Co., 210, Regent Street. They have such good frocks too, and all their work-people are French, while they announce the policy of bringing over fresh people every six

white silk. The bodice, which was in bolero form, crossed over in the front, and opened to show a vest of spotted muslin and lace insertion. A belt of black velvet encircled the waist. Another lovely model was of striped silk, blue and black and mauve, entirely covered with five flounces of mauve accordion chiffon, these frills being headed and edged



MRS. HARMSWORTH'S PAINTED MUSLIN.



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON'S DRESS.

months in order to keep the atmosphere essentially Parisian. Assuredly the styles are charming and new, and they make a speciality of linen, piqué (coloured), and muslin gowns; we Englishwomen care so much more for these than for foulards, which are at present the rage in Paris. One model I saw was of butcher-blue piqué, made with the new flounce edged and headed with a fine string insertion, showing an under-skirt of

with narrow ruchings of black mousseline-de-soie. The fitting-rooms here are particularly comfortable, and one, specially devoted to theatre-dresses, is quite dark, with mirrored walls and footlights. Louise's first order was to make all the gowns for "A Runaway Girl."

I have not met anyone the whole day who did not talk to me about the "Press" Bazaar. "What did you sell?" or "What did she buy?"

One person was too hot, and another was too cold; and one found too many things to buy, and another did not find enough; and I *qui vous parle* know that everything was wonderful, especially the Duke of Cambridge's observation when refused admittance by an unappreciative policeman, because the Princess of Wales was there. He said, "Well, what of that? I have met her before. I am the Duke of Cambridge." A fine fellow he is too, and he looked very well.

The Princess herself justified every adulatory adjective that has been bestowed upon her. Her figure is a wonder, and her costume beyond reproach, made of mauve and white and black satin foulard, and a little mauve bonnet. She did not look a day more than thirty—and charming at that. The Duchess of York wore black, with a large white collar and a white yoke.

Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth was one of the best-dressed women in the room. She looked radiant one day in a pale-pink silk-embroidered muslin, with an appliqué of real lace round the hem, the sleeves and yoke of transparent lace, and a rope or two of pearls falling to her waist, crowned with a black hat. The other day she wore painted muslin, with a pink chiffon sash and a lace yoked with black velvet ribbons. Both costumes were pre-eminently satisfying to the eye of the connoisseur. Another good dress was worn at the stall of *The Sketch*, of white lisse, with an over-skirt of black lace; it was fastened across the bust with velvet strappings and diamond buckles, and crowned with an écreu straw hat, trimmed with black tulle and a black and white ostrich feather, the back turned up with a huge mass of cherries. One day when I have time I shall write a poem on the daring deeds of plunder which were committed and call it "The Charge of the Press Bazaar."

Thursday.—And still and still they discuss the Press Bazaar. Julia has been here all the morning to tell me how superior she is as a saleswoman. She has discovered previously her superiority in every other walk of life—now she is the most remarkable seller of modern times. She came up to London only for a few hours this morning to proceed with her prosaic occupation of filling her store-cupboard. Her husband has induced her to become a devotee at the shrine of "Glebe," that excellent cane refined sugar which is so good for people who suffer from indigestion or rheumatism. So "Glebe" sugar was writ large on her list, to which I added cherry jam. I have a positive passion for cherry jam, and will go and stay with anyone, even Julia, who will give me cherry jam for tea. Next week I'm off to Maidenhead, to show her I am a woman of my word. I must wait till after Monday, the commencement of Jay's sale; I could not possibly allow Jay's summer sale to take place without my assistance. I am going to buy one of their coat-and-skirt costumes for seven guineas, and this I know will be wonderful, for all Jay's coats show some lawn collar or glacé rever or dainty chemisette that you do not meet on anyone else's coats, while their skirts are cut on the latest principles. Then I want a high bodice of real lace to wear in the evening, and I know they have several models there that they are bound to reduce, if only to justify my high opinion of their philanthropy.

Friday.—Florrie's country cottage has rapidly been growing into a palace, and she has been consulting Collinson and Lock, Oxford Street, over appropriate furniture and decoration. They have the loveliest things here, and Florrie and I passed the whole afternoon looking over those we wanted and buying those we could afford. Their inlaid furniture is particularly delightful—old wood inlaid with real ivory, engraved on a principle invented by Collinson and Lock; and this is not particularly dear either, beautiful as it is. Everything they have is of the best, but not at prohibitive prices, which is very kind of them: they are reducing all the enormous cost, and yet the articles are so good. Their silks are charming, and their tapestries, and they are manufacturing these so that we can patronise home industries while we are satisfying our taste for the beautiful, and under their auspices "English-made" does not mean ruinous rates. The designs of these silks are copied from old Italian or French or Spanish patterns, and the chintzes and the tapestries are no less attractive.

Florrie gave me two ices to-day, just to comfort me for my fatigues, and took me to sit under the trees in the Park, while we turned our backs on the people and looked at the rhododendrons. How lovely they are, these mauves and purples and reds—a popular combination to-day when mauve dresses are invariably crowned with red hats, and on red gowns the mauve cravat peeps out above a muslin chemisette, and the toque which completes the costume shows shaded mauve wings.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

GENISTA.—There is a black striped alpaca with a fine white line in it, and this would suit you exactly for mourning; with facings of white cloth it would look extremely smart, and the skirt ought to be made with a deep flounce. You will not find this make you look short; on the contrary, I think it makes women look a little taller.

METHUEN.—Over in Paris there is to be a great deal of red worn, and the red coats over checked skirts look exceedingly smart, crowned with red hats and accompanied by red parasols. These are a bright tone, but not scarlet. The best quality of linen costs 2s. 6d. a yard. For the chemisette use white tucked silk muslin.

LORNA.—The best shirts I have seen this year are made of very fine lawn, with insertions of lace. Have them of real linen lawn, and the lace real if you can get it. Hats turned up in the front are generally becoming. Of course, there are some exceptions, but most women look well in them. The plain sailor-hats are best with black ribbons round them. Alpaca is an admirable material. I think it is the most advantageous of all cream-coloured fabrics, for it lasts clean longer, and it looks better after it has been cleaned. The Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street, is the firm whose pearls are so lovely. I like the long ropes of very small ones fastened up with a diamond brooch on the bust; these finish an evening-dress off so admirably. White tulle bows are rather out of fashion; we wear bows of net and lisse with lace ends.

VIRGINIA.

HOW THE WAR HAS AFFECTED FASHIONS.

Some unexpected questions have been raised by the American-Spanish War. Among others, the women, picket skirmishing, have raised the question of dress. Uncle Sam's daughters have decided to buy no more gowns in Paris. This measure, it is certain, is only a beginning; our fair cousins do not joke over serious matters, and the boycott, once entered upon, is sure to involve all other French flummeries and to be put rigorously into practice throughout the States.

Here begins our embarrassment, and perhaps the moment has come to ask soberly what the prospects are for an alliance between the two countries. For this question of dress cannot leave us indifferent. We must take our stand. True, we are not necessarily implicated; it is a quarrel between the two great republics, who have been staring hard at each other from each side the mill-pond for several weeks, like two china dogs on a chimney-piece. But, though it is not directly our affair, we will not leave our relatives in the lurch. Let us glance, then, at the probabilities of success in a proposition to bar the French fashions out of English countries.

It seems evident that the matter hinges, first, on whether our women continue to prefer the style of dress called French, and, second, on whether they can produce it themselves. If this dress is the result not only of a French ideal, but of an Anglo-Saxon ideal as well; if it is equally our evolution, and is called French, and is bought in Paris only from caprice—then it is clear we can cease to call it French, and cease to buy it in Paris, and can make it at home whenever the humour takes us.

For my part, I should be slow to believe that if Paris had never existed our women would have invented the Paris gown. For the ideal of this gown is prettiness, and our women, following their own devices, should naturally choose large, flowing lines such as best set beauty off. I suppose we may claim modestly and without adverbs that our women are beautiful; that they are the most beautiful women in the world is the avowed opinion of the Rue de la Paix. Our women would not without some extrinsic reason descend to the pretty and to a style of dress invented to hide defects. And yet they are the assiduous clients of Paris, and there is certainly no falling off in their ardour. A few malcontents may discuss the more or less frivolity of it all, but ask of the women on any occasion where decorative dress is in order how many of them are wearing Paris gowns, and it is likely they will all speak at once. Is it the force of bad example? Do they labour under a Midsummer Night's delusion? No; there is a something superior in the Paris gown. This something is art, and art is eternally irresistible.

If we make our flummeries at home, what success shall we have? The answer is short, and is englobed in another question: Are we as good artists as the French? While our women ponder on this, they will do well to reflect also on the definition of fashion according to M. Doucet, one of the dress-artists of the Rue de la Paix. "The fashion," says M. Doucet, "is a suite of variations enchainé in an unreasoned logic and moved by a fatal caprice that forces an incessant search and a change from what has been to what is not, decreeing that one must wear lace because it was not worn yesterday, and must wear less to-morrow because much was worn to-day. And all this involuntarily, without long premeditation, because we follow, or foresee on the eve, the taste of our clients; because there is in it all a tacit accord, an exchange of ideas, of projects, and of counter-projects that adjust themselves in an instant upon the model prepared or upon the *mannequin*."

It is a little complicated, as oracles always are, and is well calculated to make the amateur pause. I fear that, in event of a decree, our women will be tempted to keep the letter and evade the law, in some such manner as that once adopted by M. Aurélien Scholl for some friends that wanted to fight a duel in Paris at a time when the law forbade. M. Scholl put his garden in the Rue Clichy at the service of the combatants, posting up at the entrance-gate the inscription, "Belgian frontier." We shall wish to extend in the same way English territory to take in the Rue de la Paix.

But, perhaps, the Americans intend to drop not only the French, but the fashions according to the French as well, and to start boldly out on a reform. They will never find a better moment, since they seem disposed to take an active part in affairs. Penthesilea did not go to war in a corseted waist and pointed shoes. If she had, what would Priam have thought of his auxiliary? Our women need not fear to displease the men by a reform; the men are sure to adore them in whatever they may choose to wear. Doubtless the men at a crisis like the present would be willing to go even farther, and, confessing all their thoughts, would say they prefer any reform whatsoever to the extraordinary result that is sure to ensue from an attempt to originate French fashions at home. We should never have dared to say all these things; but, since our Uncle Sam's daughters have begun the campaign, we feel they should be sustained. The friendship is offensive and defensive. Though it lead us to taboo French dress, we shall not hesitate. We will not for so small a matter separate ourselves from our cousins. And were the question of the Paris gown of far more importance, it is not for us to defend an object that, after all, is the mask of beauty.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 12.

MONEY.

The betting on the Bank Rate in the Stock Exchange rather inclined to odds on an alteration, and little surprise was expressed at the action of the Bank of England directors in reducing the official minimum to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., after four weeks of 3 per cent. It is decidedly an unusual proceeding to lower the Bank Rate at the very end of the half-year, a time when private individuals are doing their best to pile up a substantial sum to their credit with their bankers, and bankers are themselves engaged in doing all that is possible to show a good half-yearly balance-sheet. However, there was no other reason why the official rate should not be brought more into line with those outside the Bank of England, and a sensible relief to the Money Market at once made itself felt. In the Stock Exchange, however, little impression was made upon the prices of investment securities until the day after the declaration, when country clients began to send in buying orders as a result of what seems to be the prospect of a lengthened period of cheap money, and Consols sailed over the Rubicon of 112. The highest price touched this year, by the way, is 113 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the Money Market discount rates have been weak, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ for three months' Bank paper was considered high. The India Council, by calling in half-a-million from the market to satisfy various interest demands, created a temporary shortness on Thursday, but short loans have been obtainable at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per diem and upwards, the Central Bank lending freely at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for a few days. A million sterling in Treasury Bills brought in tenders for rather over that amount, and the whole issue was placed in bills at twelve months. Applications at anything over 98 $\frac{3}{8}$ received full allotments. During the past month nearly thirteen million sterling of new capital has been offered to the public, and this does not include the nine millions which is on the point of issue in exchange for existing stocks in the now amalgamated Reid, Watney, and Combe Breweries. The holiday spirit is in the air, and a quiet time, with the Bank Rate standing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the next couple of months, would suit the Money Market and the Stock Exchange very well.

RHODESIA.

We are this week able to give our readers the first letter from Charterland written by our correspondent immediately after his arrival at Bulawayo.

What our readers most desire to hear is, no doubt, our correspondent's views on the various mines in which their money is invested, and we hope from time to time throughout this summer to publish further letters, which, coming from a man with many years' mining experience acquired in the excellent Johannesburg school, cannot fail to be of interest. Our unfavourable opinion, derived from many sources, and being in the greater part formed from inferences we have drawn—perhaps, wrongly—from a considerable body of facts, are well known, but we are always ready to defer to the better opinion of an expert, who has seen those things of which we have only read, and if our correspondent forms a more favourable opinion of Rhodesia and its prospects than we have in the past held, no one will be more rejoiced than ourselves. There is such a large sum of British capital invested in the country that it will be a great relief to us to hear that there is a reasonable prospect of at least some return upon it.

ON THE ROAD TO BULAWAYO.

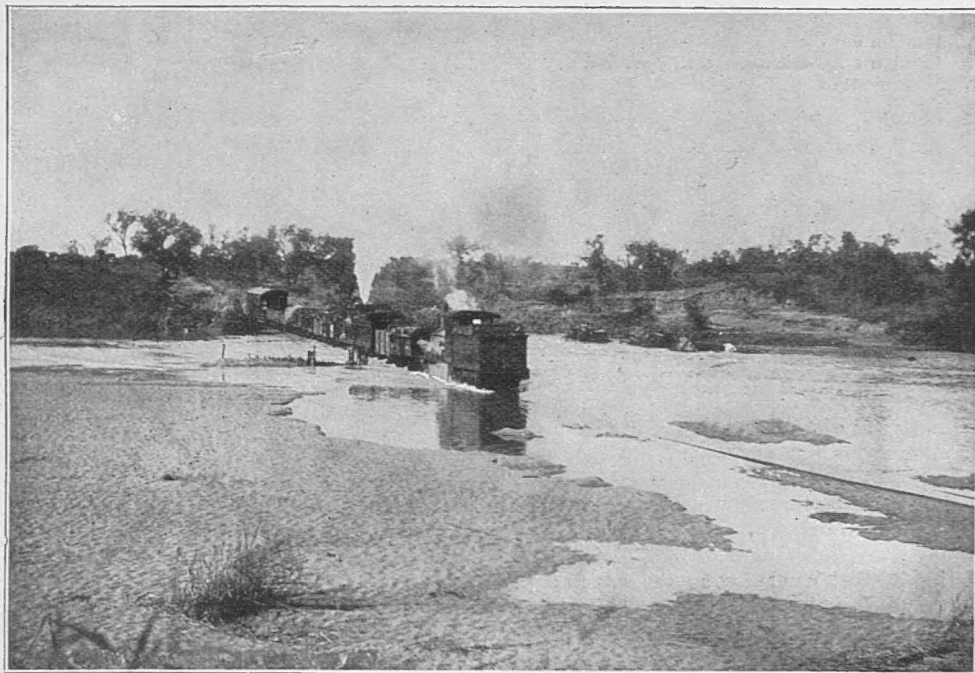
Having reached Bulawayo, the first thing that occurs to one is to describe how one got there. The earlier gold-seekers in this country were perforce compelled to travel by ox-waggon, and Baines, who was here in 1869-70, when he encamped "near the King's new town of Gibbe Klaik, or Bulo-waigo, as it is also named," has almost as much to say in his entertaining book about the worries of his various spans of oxen as about the finding of big nuggets and the exposing of rich quartz reefs. But we have changed all that, and the more modern gold-seeker rides to Bulawayo in the comfortable corridor-cars of the Cape Government Railways. There is a daily service to and from the Cape ports, and the journey from Capetown occupies just four days and nights, the distance being close upon fourteen hundred miles, and the first-class fare within a few pence of £18. I travelled from Johannesburg, from which the time, distance, and fare are practically the same. The various railway lines gradually converge, and from De Aar Junction there is but one track to the north. Passing De Aar in the middle of the night, we breakfast at the Orange River, and about midday reach Kimberley, where the Bulawayo train is made up, and from which we have still a good two and a-half days' ride to get to our destination.

The daily train from the diamond town to Bulawayo is a mixed one, carrying all sorts—white men and niggers (the latter in open trucks), machinery for the mines, timber, provisions, live stock, and general goods. Beyond Kimberley, as far as the Vaal River, the line passes through a country having the same characteristics as the Karoo. The Vaal, where we cross it, is a broad river, broken up into ever so many separate currents or streams, between which are numerous small islands. Hence the name of the local station, Fourteen Streams. There was a Boer travelling in the next car to where I was, and he claimed to have first employed the name, Fourteen Streams, in 1869—at any rate, if he did not do so, the honour belonged to his brother in the same car. I scratched this individual, figuratively speaking, and ascertained that, although a Transvaal Boer for the past forty years, he bore the not peculiarly Dutch name of O'Reilly, and had been born a British subject in the Cape Colony. Mr. O'Reilly—not the brother—gloried in the fact that he had fought "agin

Jameson," and, while he admitted that the Transvaal Government was very far indeed from being what it ought to be, his only grievance against Oom Paul was that he had brought railways into the country, thereby making it impossible for poor people, transport-riders like himself and so forth, to earn a livelihood. The transport-rider, he argued, enriched the country, whereas railways only took money out of it—did nothing else, so far as he could see. Mr. O'Reilly is a fair specimen of the class of men who possess the voting power in the Transvaal and make the laws for the gold industry there.

For a considerable distance beyond the Vaal the railway skirts the Transvaal border, and on both sides of the line are excellent cattle-farms, now almost wholly denuded of stock by the rinderpest. At Vryburg we have a late dinner, and, going to sleep in the cars, wake up at Mafeking at sunrise. From Vryburg northwards as far as Bulawayo we travel over the Bechuanaland Railway, which is worked by the Cape Railway administration in the same satisfactory manner as the Cape Government's own system. The Bechuanaland Company has been earning profits since its opening at the rate of £144,000 per annum, and, in addition to its earnings, it has a subsidy of £20,000 per annum from the Imperial Government, and £10,000 from the Chartered Company. With the extension of the railway to Lake Tanganyika, the earnings must necessarily be increased, to say nothing of the possibilities of increased traffic with Matabeleland. Moreover, the average Englishman in these parts, and, indeed, throughout South Africa generally, so far as my acquaintance goes, is firmly persuaded that it is only a matter of time till this Kimberley-Bulawayo Railway is part of a great trunk-line connecting Capetown with Cairo.

Beyond Mafeking we traverse what may be called the Jameson country—his "jumping-off ground," to use the doctor's own phrase. Pitsani is little more than an hour from Mafeking, and at Lobatsi, another hour further on, we breakfast. We are now in the heart of the bush, through which a track had to be cut all the way from here to Bulawayo. Around Lobatsi the scenery is charming, the eternal treeless plain of the greater part of South Africa giving place here to hill-country, densely clad with mimosas, acacias, the wild orange,



TRAIN CROSSING THE SHASHI RIVER IN THE WET SEASON.

Photo by Rausch, Bulawayo.

wild plum, cactus, and numerous varieties of thorns. One notes a close resemblance to the vegetation of some parts of the Low Country in the Transvaal. But a few hours take us out of the hill-country, and from Gaberones onwards there is little relief to the eye from the limitless stretch of bush, barring an occasional granite kopje.

The Shashi River, which we cross to enter the Tati country, is at this season of the year quite dry, and, a bridge not having been erected yet, the rails are temporarily laid in the bed of the channel. Similarly at the Tati River further on. In the recent wet season this method of crossing both rivers had serious disadvantages and delays, but the bridge-builders are now at work, though they cannot finish by the time the next rains are due. Francistown, 125 miles from Bulawayo—the Monarch mine is visible a mile and a-half to the left—is as primitive a little iron town in the heart of the wilderness as ever man set eyes upon. Judge of the ways of the isolated folks in this outlandish place when I relate that, on arriving on the morning of Tuesday, May 31, I found the few traders or storekeepers observing Whit-Monday. From about this place onwards the bush is less dense, the country often wearing a park-like appearance.

I had an eye all the way up through the bush for game, but the country was exploited by the hunter long before the railway came, and now there is little sport to be had till you reach the Matoppos, near Bulawayo. Guinea-fowl and partridge are fairly plentiful all along the track of the railway, and there were occasional evidences of springbuck, but, although I watched carefully, not a spoor of any big game did I see. At the time of writing, a couple of lions are reported to have been just seen within six miles of the town of Bulawayo, and there is still good sport to be had in most of the districts of the vast country to which Bulawayo is the entrance. In subsequent letters I shall have something to say about the mines and mining prospects of Rhodesia.

We reproduce a photograph showing a train crossing the Shashi River in the wet season.

HOME RAILS.

The little excitement provided for the Home Railway Market by the amalgamation—which-is-no-amalgamation between the Chatham and South-Eastern Companies is gradually dying away, and the listless apathy now so painfully usual in that department once more has crept o'er the spirit of its dream. The principal interest has centred round Chatham Seconds, upon an idea that, if Parliament should decree a reorganisation of the Ordinary stock, the Second Preference would find

itself in a greatly improved position. During the whole sixteen years that the stock has been in existence, it has received one magnificent dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was declared about a year ago; but the announcement of a large distribution in a few days' time is confidently expected, and the "bears" have enjoyed a lively time. A considerable account is open for the rise in "Doras" (South-Eastern Deferred), but the price fell upon the working agreement, the news having been fully discounted during the last three or four weeks. Midlands again came off with a capital traffic increase last week, at the expense of the Great Western, the latter showing a falling-off in receipts of £1580, while the Midland is £44,415 better. On the half-year, a total increase of £173,322 has fallen to the great Derby line, and the North-Western makes a good second with £157,429 increase. The only decrease in the Home Railway list for the first half of 1898 is shown by the District line, whose £2063 to the bad was caused by a heavy decrease in last week's receipts, which went against the takings of one of the busiest times last year. It is interesting to note the difference between prices current now and those ruling just a year ago, when the little Railway "boomlet" was tottering to its fall. These are the opening quotations on each day—

Railway.	July 2, 1897.	July 2, 1898.	Rise or Fall.
Caledonian Deferred	56	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern Deferred	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern "A"	61	53	- 8
Great Western	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 7
Hull and Barnsley	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	- $\frac{1}{2}$
Brighton "A"	177 $\frac{1}{2}$	176	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham Ordinary	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chatham Second Preference	85	112	+ 27
London and North-Western	205 $\frac{1}{2}$	201 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 4
London and South-Western Deferred	89	92	+ 3
Metropolitan	125 $\frac{1}{2}$	132	+ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Midland	178 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$ Pref. } 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ Def. }	- $\frac{1}{2}$
North-Eastern	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	178 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
South-Eastern "A"	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	115	+ $\frac{1}{2}$

Comparisons are "odorous," as the immortal constable observed, and Dogberry's dictum will derive additional significance by a study of the obvious lessons inculcated by these figures.

KAFFIRS.

Are we on the eve of a Kaffir revival or are we not? The dry bones are again moving uneasily, and some of the unhappy jobbers who emigrated a fortnight ago to the Trunk Market are beginning to wonder whether they had not better have stayed where they were. Steady buying of the best Gold shares has been perceptible for some time past, but there was not enough of it to go all round, and, consequently, the duldest spot on Stock Exchange earth has lately been the Kaffir Circus. An upward movement has, however, at length been engineered, and the speculative media participated in a rise led by the more classy shares among the ranks of dividend-payers. Has this rise any chance of lasting? It depends upon outsiders to a great extent. Even Wernher, Beit, and Co., the Consolidated Gold-Fields Company, and other "big houses," cannot go on supporting their particular properties for ever, and the Barnatos have already suffered a good deal of market malediction for allowing shares in which they are interested to languish away without coming to the rescue. So long as the public refuses to come in, there is little hope for a sustained recovery, but that the rise will actually come one day seems assured, and a careful investor may still find a cheap mining share here and there among the Active List.

HARDEBECK AND BORNHARDT, LIMITED.

The prospectus of this concern will, it is understood, be issued on the 11th inst., and we have received a promise that we shall be furnished with enough advance copies to send one to all our correspondents, whose number has now reached well over a thousand. We have also received an assurance that favourable consideration shall be given to all their applications, and we propose, therefore, to send a copy to each of the correspondents whose name and address we have on the 9th inst. The Preference shares appear to us exceptionally well secured, especially when the provisions connected with the establishment of a special reserve to further secure their dividend are considered.

THE GREAT BOULDER SCANDAL.

The directors of the Great Boulder have issued a circular giving what they are pleased to call an explanation of the Milling Company affair, and we can only say that a lamer defence of their action can hardly be imagined. The crucial point of the whole thing is not dealt with. What the shareholders want to know is whether or not either Mr. Lane or anybody on the Board got any of the shares of the Milling Company. It is admitted that 10,000 out of 20,000 shares of the Milling Company went to Mr. Koneman (the patentee) and his friends. Who are his friends?

The whole thing is about as unsatisfactory as it can well be. The Great Boulder found all the cash to put up the plant, that is to say, ran all the risk, allows the Milling Company to charge about 13s. 6d. a ton for treatment, and then gets only 60 per cent. of the balance. If the Great Boulder shareholders are satisfied they must be indeed easy to please. It is their business, and, of course, they can do what they like with their own.

ISSUES.

The Pacific North-West Mining Corporation, Limited.—A mining prospectus in these times means either that something very good is to be offered, or that the promoters are fools. This concern is offering 180,000 shares of £1 each, but

we should imagine 1800 is much more likely to be the amount of the public subscription. The waiver clause is in the most objectionable form we have ever seen, and the company is about as likely to get a subscription sufficient to cover its cash purchase price and working capital as the Spaniards are of being successful in their war with the United States. We trust none of our readers will be foolish enough to apply for shares.

C. H. Glover and Co.—This business, with a share capital of £70,000 in equal moieties of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Preference shares and Ordinaries, together with £30,000 of 4 per cent. Debentures, is offering the latter security and the Preference shares to the public. The issues are so small that no quotation can be obtained for them, and we cannot advise our readers to lock up their money in things for which there does not appear to be any chance of a free market.

Brandon's Putney Brewery, Limited.—This company is offering for subscription 15,000 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each, and there is very little doubt they will be eagerly subscribed. The assets are set out as of the value of £506,000, which appears ample to cover the debenture debt of £200,000, and leaves a good margin for the Preference shareholders; while last year's profits are certified to exceed £23,508, and these should be increased by the addition of the copyhold of the Twickenham Brewery and sundry tied-houses. Altogether these Preference shares may well be worth £11 10s. or £12, if judged by the standard of other like concerns.

Weldons, Limited, is formed with a capital of £380,000 to carry on the publishing business of Mr. C. E. Weldon, whose familiar papers are known in every household. The profits are certified by Messrs. Whinney, Smith, and Whinney to have averaged £29,621 per annum for the last three years, and are ample to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The circulation of the periodicals published by the company is said to exceed 10,000,000 copies per annum, and, on the whole, we think both the Preference and Ordinary shares very fair investments, especially the latter.

Saturday, July 2, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial reports of correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. S. E.—(1) The Chattanooga Road was reorganised and sold under a foreclosure in January 1897. The present title is Chattanooga, Rome, and Southern Railway. The stocks are not known in London, and not even listed in New York. (2) We answered last week. (3) The Telegraph bonds are nominally called 105 to 110, but the market, a limited one, is only a buyer at 107, or even more. The bonds mature in 1902, not, as you say, 1900, but the market expects some sort of stock will be issued instead of redemption in cash. This is, however, problematical.

SAMPSON.—(1) Yes, we think you may hold. (2) We have no reliable information as to the true inwardness of the London and Globe position. If they go a little better, clear out.

F. W. Y.—As to prospectus, see this week's Notes. You shall be treated like the rest. (1) We do not think it is worth while to find more money. (2) As an investment paying at present price a high rate of interest, we think they are not bad, especially for cycle shares. (3) We like neither the Preference nor Ordinary shares of this concern.

A. B.—We have no reliable information, but will see if we can obtain any. If we could find a writer who had seen the mines and knew the true inwardness of the position, we would get an article out of him, and print it, but such a *rara avis* is hard to find.

J. B.—See this week's Notes.

J. L.—When the advance prospectuses are sent, the application forms shall be marked for identification. In the Goldsmiths' case we did not profess to help our correspondents, nor did we send out marked forms.

J. J.—We are inclined to think you can recover the securities deposited as cover, and refuse to pay the differences against you under the Gambling Act. This would be quite fair, because the trustee is pleading the same statute against nearly everybody to whom the estate owes money, and what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander. Don't delay a moment, but consult a good solicitor and tell him all the facts.

PALATINE.—(1) We really do not think it is worth while throwing any more money away. (2) This is a hopeless concern; you may as well write it off as a bad debt at once. (3) We have no belief in this company, which paid dividends out of promotion profits. None of its babies have turned out well, and we do not expect you will ever see any more return on your capital.

R. M.—No shares of the Leopoldina Railway are known or dealt in here, but three classes of bonds are quoted. If you will tell us exactly what security you hold, we will advise you.

WILSTAN.—(1) We do not consider these shares a good holding. Clear out. (2) We also hear the Welsbach Company is doing well, but the Ordinary stock is, of course, very speculative. (3) We do not advise purchase of either of these shares, or No. 2.

NOTE.—We beg to refer the numerous correspondents who have asked for advance prospectuses of Hardebeck and Bornhardt, Limited, to this week's Notes.

Attention may be sent to the Great Western Railway service to the Channel Isles and the West of England. Excursions run to Guernsey and Jersey every Saturday, leaving Paddington at 8.50 a.m. and 9.45 p.m. Return fare, 24s. 6d. Tickets available up to the following Saturday week. You may get by excursions to the West of England every Thursday, Friday night, and Saturday, for a week, fortnight, or less.